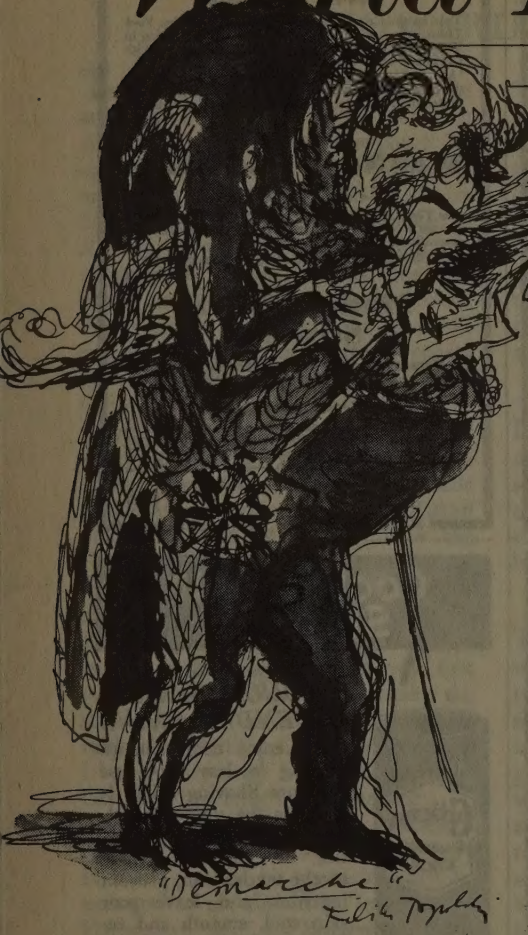
World Review

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS



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Thinking Aloud . . .

by EDWARD HULTON

THIS number of *World Review* is an anniversary number. For it was last August that we took over the paper. To celebrate the occasion we are publishing articles by Philip Gibbs and Wickham Steed, former editors of *Review of Reviews*, now incorporated within our pages, and Vernon Bartlett, the first editor under the name *World Review*. Philip Gibbs is still thought of as the war correspondent *par excellence*—nearly as well known as his predecessor Julius Cæsar. Wickham Steed, almost the Doyen of the Editorial Corps, lived for many years before 1914 in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, from which he made numerous expeditions into the Balkan States. He not only knew how the Empire of Francis Joseph was supposed to work. He knew how it did work—apparently mostly through the aged Emperor himself and his immediate entourage. His *Hapsburg Monarchy*, first published in October 1913, remains the standard work on this still important subject for Britishers, and for Germans. I bought my copy from a bookstall in Germany not long before the war.

Vernon Bartlett, after a successful career as a foreign correspondent, largely in Paris, reached his pinnacle when he managed to get elected as 'Independent Progressive' M.P. for Bridgwater. He is extremely valuable as one of our very few Independents in a peculiarly un-independent House. Since the war started he has worked exceedingly hard, broadcasting to all parts of the world. He is Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Sub-Committee of the 1941 Committee. This organisation, in co-operation with almost every other progressive body in Britain, has recently cabled a long message of goodwill to the corresponding organisations in the United States. The message has been more than well received over there, where it has been given very wide publicity. It is hoped that prominent Americans will be able to come over here during the summer for a joint conference.

PEACE AIMS

IN this number details will be found of our Peace Aims Competition. The more serious thinking there is on this subject the better. I can remember the lack of sufficient thought of this kind during the last war, with the results we know.

PROPAGANDA SCANDAL

THE Propaganda Debate in the House was thoroughly unsatisfactory. Its sole merit was that it proved that almost every single Member is fundamentally dissatisfied with the Government's Propaganda efforts. It is hard to understand why the Cabinet thought they could get away with no change, or rather with a minor change—stronger Service representatives at the M.O.I.—which may well make matters worse. And then to put up Sir John Anderson of all people! I have already written some rude things about this man. His touch was not light and sympathetic enough for the position of Home Secretary. The shameful treatment of aliens after the fall of Holland was really the fault of the Army; but Sir John did not stand up to them enough.

He is an able administrator, and one of the few members of the present Cabinet who is really getting down to reading official papers. He might make a good member of the much to be desired Supreme War Cabinet of non-departmental ministers. But for Propaganda? No! His speech, which was as pompous as usual, was really pathetic.

BLACK HOLE

CAPTAIN PLUGGE, I fear me, went a long way towards ruining a good case by a self-advertising oration of intolerable length. Young Mr. Bernays (Bristol, North), a former Parliamentary Secretary of Health and Transport, and now Deputy Southern Regional Commissioner, was good. He stood out for the centralised direction of Propaganda. Apparently, Mr. Duff Cooper was to receive his Foreign Office 'directives' from Deputy-Under-Secretary Bruce Lockhart (actually still under sentence of death by the Moscow Government). This was an intolerable position. Valuable also was the speech of Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, an 'Intellectual Labour' expert on foreign affairs. He asked Sir John Anderson to go back and tell the Cabinet how dissatisfied the House was. He drew attention to the 'slum conditions' under which foreign broadcasters have had to labour. Even now he thought of them as the Black Hole of Tooting Bec. As early as September the Parliamentary Secretary agreed that these conditions were 'almost intolerable'; yet not till the end of March was any move made; and even the present accommodation was grossly inadequate. There was still a room, not large, in which forty people had to try to work; and he was told that one man, who went there to telephone, came out gasping for breath! Improvements could not be made because the people in charge did not feel that buildings could be requisitioned; and so they had to wait their turn, after many other people, for 'priorities'. People making these explanations showed by their own confessions that they understood nothing of the urgency and importance of their job.

Why did not Mr. Duff Cooper resign at once? Even on personal grounds, it would have been 'going, when the going was good'. For the Press was becoming quite tearful about his almost Abyssinian emasculation. Apparently pressure was applied from the War Cabinet; and he passed this pressure on to his subordinates. The Press reported that Sir Kenneth Clark had resigned. He was Controller of Planning on the propaganda side. He is almost the only man at Malet Street I have met through whom one could get something done. Of great comprehension, and definitely unusual courage, despite his knowledge of art, he will go very far.

TWO THINGS WRONG

THERE are two fundamental things wrong with our Propaganda. The Cabinet gives out no message—no promise of federation of the nation states; and in Home Affairs, no promise of freedom plus the guarantee of work for all, in the knowledge that wealth is natural resources plus labour. Second, the masters of the situation are the Service Departments. The silence of the Navy is serving us ill.

We have wantonly cast away the chance of using the arrival of Hess to split the Nazi Party. High persons approached about Hess always alleged that he was being dealt with by So-and-so. So-and-so being approached, asserted that he was being handled by Thing-a-me-bob.

The other night Duff Cooper was just preparing to answer questions put over the radio by Americans. Arrived Sir Gerald Campbell. 'On behalf of the F.O. I must inform you that you cannot give them these answers,' he thundered. (It is a pity that Sir Gerald is being given this work.) Anyhow Duff Cooper defied him and kept to the answers he had prepared.

SWING

RAYMOND GRAM SWING was in fine form when he dined with me. He did a great job here; and would have done more if our Chinovniks had allowed him. A few days ago an American correspondent called at the Air Ministry for permission to go to Iceland. 'Who are all these American correspondents?' asked an irate air official. 'We don't want to be bothered with them! You can't win a war with publicity.' There are loud and long complaints about the American Department of the M.O.I., which has undergone little or no improvement.

Meanwhile Quentin Reynolds's personal broadcast to Dr. Goebbels was fine virile stuff, and was in bold contrast to the effeminate effusions we get from so many of our B.B.C. boys. It is only fair to state that some American journalists recently off to Iceland by plane were suddenly hauled out again. It was through an idiotic order given by their own State Department.

SIR HORACE

SIR HORACE WILSON of Munich still sits at the top of the Treasury. The Treasury remains one of the chief bottlenecks of the war. Why, especially in wartime, should this Department possess an *overriding* power? Whether money is to be spent or not should be the responsibility of the minister concerned alone, subject to a Supreme War Cabinet. But Sir Horace not only sits upon the money bags, he also makes all major appointments. This is disgraceful. Of ascetic countenance, Puritan outlook, and not too conversant with foreign lands, Sir Horace is a keen Buchmanite.

HARDLY FRANK!

DR. BUCHMAN ('Call me Frank') who with typical snobbery gave his hysterical movement the title of Oxford Group, once said, 'I thank God for a man like Hitler'. He has never condemned the Führer, or made any statement concerning our fight for freedom. Young British Buchmanites are still hiding in the United States. Questioned by the *Sunday Pictorial* and others about these things, Frank won't talk.

INTELLIGENCE

PEOPLE are wondering what punishment has been meted out to the military intelligence officer who said to camera men, 'You must not take pictures of British and Russian officers shaking hands'. (General Sir Henry Pownall, on appeal, exploded, 'What infernal nonsense'.) We can only hope that our authorities are improving their methods of dealing with Soviet representatives. I gather that the Treasury consider that much in the way of entertainment would be 'old fashioned, and too expensive'.

Meanwhile, I trust that we shall all consider our attitude to Moscow in a mature and not in a childish way. The Soviets are our 'co-belligerents', and we should have given them much more military aid from the start. Bombing could have been even more intense. A naval expedition could have gone to Murmansk. An armoured force could have been landed in northern Norway. But there is no need to feel all sentimental about Uncle Joe. Mr. Churchill's speech that first Sunday was admirable. An article in the *Sunday Dispatch* on

July 13th was sensible. Unfortunately some of our wilder young pundits are exclaiming that we had better shut down our democratic propaganda, and leave it all to the Stalinists. It would be a world tragedy if our spiritual and democratic message did not go forth. No doubt a *modus vivendi* can be reached with Moscow in propaganda as in strategical matters.

Incidentally, a recent article in *Life* tells us that the State Department is just inaugurating a great campaign of ethical and democratic propaganda. This article also reveals that the American Government is very impressed by Mr. Priestley and the 1941 Committee, which it regards as the British New Dealers.

SCORCHED EARTH

It must be admitted that the Soviet pronunciamento to all 'civilians' to get going with the Scorched Earth Policy made inspiring reading. No scorched earth way back here. We are to stay put. The Russian Home Guards appear to have done fine work harrying tanks. One of our Home Guard officers told me that he suspected that if we were invaded our Home Guards would be given no part to play. His own unit had never been able to contact the Regular Army.

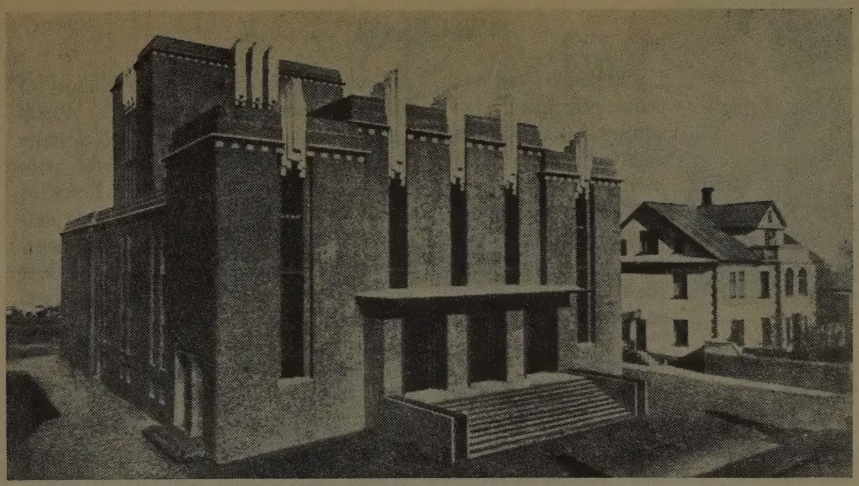
Mr. Korj, the First Secretary, and Press Chief, at the Soviet Embassy, with whom I lunched the other day, is most friendly and forthcoming in manner. As a contrast stands Colonel Skliarov, the Military Attaché. He looks a tough customer; his face seems to have been carved by a peasant out of peculiarly hard wood; and he is a man of few words. I was amused to learn, *inter alia*, that 'Russian Salad' is really consumed in Russia. Vodka is popular, though now forbidden for the duration. When I spoke of Kümmel the Russians did not know what I meant.

At the Lord Nathan luncheon General Sikorski, the Polish Premier, was very frank about the Soviets. As I write I am still hoping that the Russians will release their 200,000 Polish prisoners. Sikorski, in contrast to Count Edward Raczynski, the Ambassador, who translated, is a very military-looking man. An extremely attractive figure, he looks a modern youthful soldier. His speech in Polish, too long for my ignorant ears, was nevertheless inspiring and beautiful in the way that all Slav languages seem romantic and exciting when well delivered.

AUTHOR AMONGST THE SOVIETS

At Mr. Wellington Koo's 'Open Door to the Press' reception at the Chinese Embassy, George Slocombe, that modern journalistic Barbarossa, was telling me that he lost the bulk of his collection of *objets d'art* in Normandy, and the remainder through a bomb here the other day. He says he feels freer without his things. I think we shall all have to get used to becoming mental nomads, or Bedouins. Though I do hope that lovely things will be preserved in our beautiful stately homes for the public to see. I could bore you for hours with what the Swedes have done along these lines in the Skansen public park at Stockholm. And they are not afraid of serving beer and wine at Skansen. It is not a museum!

Slocombe was telling me that he has seen similar efforts made by the Russians, who have, for the people to see, about the best collection of Chippendale furniture in the world. According to Slocombe, authors do well in the U.S.S.R. Books are all published by the State publishing house, but authors get royalties in the ordinary way. These are quite big, for although the books are only sold for a few pence, the circulation is immense.



THE NATIONAL THEATRE, REYKJAVIK
The British National Theatre is still but a hoarding and a hope in South Kensington

Russians continue voracious readers; and the Soviets claim to have brought literacy up to about 90 per cent. Foreign authors are allowed to get the money out. Best-seller Milton 'should be living at this hour'. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells have made a packet.

LITERARY ICELAND

A LITTLE feature on Reykjavik appeared in the *Daily Mail*. I can just see the superior smiles of some British readers. But the laugh is on us. Icelanders are very much our superiors in culture. A publisher was telling me that the thirty thousand citizens of Iceland's capital read far more books *in English* than are read by a comparable English town. I have only met one Icelandic girl. It was at a big private party before the war. A lovely blonde, she was beautifully gowned in an ice-white evening dress. Speaking perfect English, she was smart, amusing, even a little sophisticated.

NO PLAN

PICTURE POST readers continue to blitz me with angry demands why the extended *Picture Post Plan for Britain* has not yet been published. The answer is that our authorities would not grant us the paper licence for an extra *Picture Post* number. Not even the paper for a book. A commercial publisher also turned it down.

ATTAGIRL!

WE ought to notice the youthfulness of the new Russian Military Mission. On the Youth Front, however, we have just scored a victory. Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, veteran head of the old W.A.A.C.s, and the W.R.A.F.—they seem to have dropped the Royal—has been replaced as Director of our A.T.S. by Jean Knox, a 'child' of thirty-three. Female-Meteor Knox is efficient and attractive. Before the war she concerned herself largely with furnishing her beautiful house at Radlett, Herts, and with keeping slim by hunting the fox. Her Squadron-Leader husband is said to have persuaded her to join the A.T.S. before the war, when members met but once a week. She started as Company Commander, soon became a Senior

MRS. KNOX

Commander, and was then promoted Inspector A.T.S.—a new appointment. Her nation-wide inspection unearthed complaints, got things put right. It is fine that she has been rewarded in this way.

RATS' BLITZ

LORD WOOLTON has admitted that we are still harbouring forty million rats. Each rat eats about £1 worth of human food per annum, besides carrying infection. The authorities merely recommend, advise, propagand. Actually in Germany, even under the Republic, every owner of a house or plot was compelled to put down poison every three months. The poison was sold only by chemists, who had to hand out a stamped form with it. Policemen enquired whether the order had been carried out. If it had not, a fine was imposed. Here enquirers at chemists' are told that the Government or the local authority has taken the stocks, and that the poison will be issued officially—one day. In Strasbourg, as a matter of fact, the Germans have been caught out. The Army had to appeal for a special toxin to the Pasteur Institute in Paris. With its evacuation, the sewers of the city were left dry, and through them advanced incredible numbers of rodents. The position has become so bad that the Germans will have to evacuate unless succoured by the scientists.

GOING SLOW

THE Production Debate revealed a highly dangerous state of affairs. Anent 100 per cent Excess Profits Tax, criticism has come from the Select Committee on National Expenditure, from an ex-Deputy Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, from M.P.'s of all parties. Now the Engineering Industries Association points out that war production involves engineering firms in immediate and always increasing expenditure on premises, plant, and equipment. However, financial legislation has made it impossible for many firms to buy plant. New capital cannot be obtained. Loans cannot be got, since the expenditure has little post-war value. The banks are now refusing further advances. As a result, businesses are being forced to avoid all expenditure which would increase their output, and have to resort to uneconomic expenditure which can be charged to revenue. The effect is that costs rise, output falls, and there is a slackening of effort. Government finance scarcely helps. The time taken for a decision varies from four to nine months. As Candidus of the *Investor's Chronicle* points out, 'Because we cannot "afford" to lose revenue, we must be content with fewer planes, guns, tanks, and ships! Does the Treasury think that if you and I failed to pay our Income Tax there would be one Spitfire fewer?'

I have always advocated the replacement of the profit motive by the idea of service. But to expect worker or manufacturer completely to change his human nature overnight is madness, especially at the very time when to avoid one colossal, universal, and fatal Crete we must get the arms!

TOTAL WAR AT LAST

FROM a Cambridge reader, 'I used to fight dear old Beaverbrook tooth and nail over Isolation. To-day I declare Total War on Edward Hulton's Federal Union Racket.

Yours, etc.,
The World Leader'.

* PEACE AIMS *

World Review £100 Competition

1st Prize £50. 5 prizes of £10 each.
12 consolation prizes of a year's subscription to *World Review*

WHAT is it that enables us to carry on through these dark days with courage and fortitude? In the first place there is the conviction that we shall win the war; in the second, the determination that the war shall be succeeded by a durable peace.

What are the constituents of a peace that, unlike the peace of 1918, shall contain in itself no seeds of yet another Armageddon? How ensure (to adopt the slogans of 1914–18) that this war shall indeed end war? How secure a world fit for heroes to live in?

At no other time in history has the need for a super-nationalised authority been so evident as during the present conflict. The League of Nations failed, not because it was unnecessary, but because it was unable to fulfil the tasks such a body should fulfil. Wilson's Fourteen Points were the work of a well-meaning idealist without practical knowledge of European politics and their scope was too narrow, but even so they were repudiated by the political leaders of the U.S.A., and thus both Wilson's principles and the League were doomed to failure.

Eight of the Fourteen Points bore immediate application to European territorial problems—enemy evacuation of occupied lands, readjustment of frontiers and so on. Those of more universal significance were: (1) No private international understandings: open diplomacy; (2) freedom of the seas; (3) removal of economic barriers; (4) reduction of armaments; (5) adjustment of colonial claims based on the interests of the populations concerned; (14) the League of Nations.

Under what heads would *you* design a lasting world peace?

¶ WORLD REVIEW, commemorating its first completed year under the present Editor, offers prizes amounting to over £100 for the best peace aims proposals; for a blue-print, not only for Europe but for the whole world; an enduring settlement of political economics and social problems.

¶ The new Fourteen Points should, of course, only contain broad outlines, nor need their number be limited to fourteen. There may be fewer, or more. But they must be within the compass of 1,000 words. Competitors must type or write on one side of the paper only and should avoid side issues. They must state their full names, ages and occupations, and each essay must be accompanied by the coupon detached from the inside back cover. Entries must reach the World Review Office, 43, 44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4, by September 30, 1941 at latest. Envelopes must be marked 'Peace Aims'. The result of the competition will be announced in the November issue. The Judge of the Competition is the Editor of WORLD REVIEW, whose decision is final. The Editor reserves the right to publish any contribution that may be sent in, and our usual rates will be paid for any contribution so published. Manuscripts cannot be returned.

¶ We hope that this competition will create a new link between WORLD REVIEW and its many thousands of readers and, at the same time, provide a clear picture of the conception the latter have of the world after the present war.

Propaganda Essential for Victory

In this symposium, which arose from a discussion by the 1941 Committee, is considered, from several angles, the scandal of our propaganda failure. No case is so good that it needs no advocate. How can we launch total political warfare?

a Propaganda and the Tory Mind

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

WHY is our propaganda so bad? The question is always being asked, and is often answered at some length. It would be truer to say, however, that the question *Why* is never properly answered at all. Expert writers explain from their varying standpoints the badness of our propaganda, how it fails to do this and rarely succeeds in doing that, how it is nearly as poor in quality as it is in quantity, how it is defeated by a lack of ideas, by faulty organisation, by divided control, and so on and so forth. This is all very well, but it does not really explain *why*. It does not uncover the underlying weakness. We still do not see what it is fundamentally that is wrong. And this article will attempt to answer the question properly.

Let me say at once that I cannot accept the explanation, popular in some quarters, that we British are naturally bad at propaganda, that there is something in our national character that prevents our competing successfully here with the Germans. I can see no evidence for this. We are, I consider, better equipped by nature than the Germans for this work. Thus, we make better authors and journalists than they do. We are really a more *persuasive* people. Our method of approach is better understood and appreciated than theirs. Any capable English writer would be prepared to give a Nazi champion like Rosenberg a flying start with neutrals, and then beat him easily. Again, we have the advantage of a vast world-wide Empire. We are cunning old travellers. We know the ropes everywhere. Finally, as a people, though we may not be as attractive as we think we are, at least we have more charm than the Germans, and especially the Nazi variety of German. No, this excuse will not do, and I doubt if most of the people who put it forward really believe in it. They are hiding something.

What they are hiding is the real reason why our propaganda is so bad. And it is this. We are still officially dominated by

the Tory mind, and this mind simply refuses to recognise the realities of the world situation. Before the war, when Hitler was rapidly accumulating material and munitions and making his plans for world conquest, this Tory mind blandly refused to see in him even a source of danger. Once the war started, although it was agreed that Nazism must be defeated, the Tory mind only made the smallest possible move forward. In September 1938 it said that everything in the world was all right including Hitler and the Nazis. In September 1939, and ever since, it has said that everything in the world is all right *except* for Hitler and the Nazis. It assumes that there existed before the war a reasonably comfortable settled order, into which Nazism came as an unpleasant interruption. Remove the Swastika, and all will be well. In the meantime, do as little as possible to disturb this pre-war comfortable settled order.

This idiocy might be described as the common denominator of all lack of enterprise in and hindrance to our war effort. It is at the root of our Foreign Office failures, our halting strategy, our uncertain economic planning, our messing and muddling. And it is undoubtedly the primary cause of our poor propaganda. Thus it explains why we went into propaganda so half-heartedly, with a Ministry of Information consisting largely of Civil Service throw-outs or temporary unemployed, with a Minister who is not given sufficient power, with insufficient funds, with foolish overlapping of effort in one direction and complete lack of it in other directions. Because, you see, propaganda itself, as a serious part of a total war effort, belongs essentially to a world whose existence the Tory mind refuses to recognise. To admit that propaganda is important is to confess that things are not what they were, that war in 1941 is not war in 1914. Therefore it is better to pretend that propaganda does not really matter. And that, clearly, makes a very bad start.

But that is only the beginning, though it is sufficient to explain why our organisation was from the first so poorly organised, so half-starved, so lacking in enthusiasm and drive. Even when the British Tory mind condescends to engage in propaganda, the result is bound to be a failure. For this mind is too fixed in its illusion to be able successfully to appeal to other minds. It is almost as if you appointed as salesman some fellow who was convinced he was an egg. Except among the excessively egg-minded, he would not be very persuasive.

Our Tory starts all wrong, simply because his mind is years behind everybody else's. He talks earnestly about 'tradition' and 'heritage' and then wonders why the audience is cold, because it does not occur to him that the only heritage known to most people down there consists largely of dwindling trade, rising unemployment, scarcity amid plenty, and the sad antics of the money market. They know, even if he doesn't, that the world that could produce a Hitler was already a melancholy chaos, that the twenty years between wars were a bitter failure, that men's hope and faith must be restored to them. To this general knowledge, the Tory mind, believing as it seems to do that one bad man has done it all, has nothing to contribute.

Again, the Tory mind believes that on the whole the less that is said the better it will be for us all. But unfortunately, in order to make propaganda you must say something. If you believe in your heart of hearts that it would be better if you said nothing, then what you do say will certainly lack force and confidence. Thus

the typical Tory who is engaged in propaganda is like the orchestral leader who confessed, to the guest conductor who asked him why he grimaced throughout rehearsal, that he hated music.

All this applies equally to propaganda both at home and abroad. But there are two other reasons why this Tory mind will fail in foreign propaganda.

In the first place, as it has condemned itself to think for ever in pre-war terms, it cannot help addressing itself to the old pre-war 'contacts', and these are far more likely to be busy quislings than enthusiastic allies of democracy. It has long been obvious that the really determined enemies of Nazism everywhere are the working people, not the rich or ambitious. But what has this Tory mind to say to those working people?

The second reason is that this mind, fixed in its illusion, will tend to base its propaganda appeals on values that mean nothing whatever to its audience. It is as if—and this is no more foolish than what has often happened—we should appeal to Middle-Western farmers, Bulgarian peasants, weavers from Lille, fishermen from Trondheim, to rise and scatter the storm troopers in order to save the Eton-Harrow match at Lord's, the Boat Race, Ascot, and the Private View of the Royal Academy.

Finally, when one world tragedy has succeeded another, when we have watched the cracks widen into abysses, a mind that turns instinctively to the past can make few converts. The reason is plain. This past is leading inexorably to the present, with what terrible result we know only too well. Who wants his foot to be set again on that steep devilish slide?

Moreover, when we dwell on our own past greatness, as the Tory cannot help doing, we tend to sustain the argument of our enemies, for they admit freely that we have had a great past, but maintain that our time of greatness is at an end and that we have no future. The best way to meet this attack is to show the world that nobody looks to the future more eagerly than we do and that we care little or nothing for the past. But how can we do this if our spokesmen appear to have minds that refuse to look ahead?

This is not a criticism of Mr. Churchill, a superb propagandist himself, even if he tends to under-rate the importance of propaganda in general. His pre-war isolation proves that he is anything but a typical Tory. (He might be described as an eighteenth-century Whig, fellow to the elder Pitt.) But it is certainly a criticism of his friends, who should not be allowed to influence our propaganda. The greatest mistake Labour made when they agreed to join the government was in not insisting upon having control of the Ministry of Information and all propaganda services. And when I say this was a mistake, I am not arguing from a narrow political viewpoint, thinking in terms of party tactics (I am not a member of any political party), but am considering the question from the standpoint of an efficient war effort. I object to Tory control of propaganda just as I would object to some dove-eyed disciple of George Lansbury if he were appointed head of the Bomber Command.

Tory propaganda must always fail because the mind behind it is not attuned to the work. It is the mind of a small and rapidly decaying class, which cannot appeal openly to the people everywhere, if only because it does not really believe in the democracy it so often mentions. On the other hand, in many countries the classes to which it would instinctively appeal have already gone over to the enemy. There is its dilemma. The consequences we all know.

b Propaganda among Friends

by RICHARD ANTONY

An expert who has made a special study of propaganda within the British Empire

THE word 'propaganda' has got such a bad name that some think it hardly nice to apply it to the exchange of ideas between friends. But the art of persuasion —and propaganda is just that—is a legitimate activity which plays an indispensable part in such democratic machinery as free elections. Too many people in the democracies have been persuaded by German propaganda successes in France and elsewhere to accept the totalitarian conception of propaganda and so to misapprehend the tasks of democratic propaganda. This is most apparent in British propaganda for the United States, which is often doomed to failure by the inhibitions of those who are too conscious of audience resistance, and even in some cases lack confidence in the propriety of their own activities.

All German propaganda is inimical, destructive, and fundamentally irresponsible; much British activity which can properly be called propaganda is addressed to friends in the United States, in Europe, and even in the Dominions, and must therefore be both constructive and responsible; indeed it is a service which is expected and welcome. Even if German propaganda were grossly inefficient it seems hardly likely that there would be many complaints such as are frequently received from neutral countries about the lack of British propaganda.

Short-wave radio well illustrates the difference between British and German development. The British short-wave transmissions began as a 'service' freely rendered to British communities overseas. German short-wave radio was conceived as an aggressive weapon in the 'white war' that the Nazis started to wage against the world as soon as they came into power: it was in no sense a service, because it admitted no responsibilities except to its own political agents overseas.

British broadcasting took no part in the war of words until eighteen months before 'war was declared', but, admitting responsibilities, it was able to develop co-operation with overseas broadcasting organisations on a professional basis which led to 're-broadcasting', by which British short-wave programmes are made easily available to the listening public in countries overseas.

Since the war re-broadcasting has developed so greatly that an Australian listener can listen to London through his own station for three hours or more in every twenty-four; and news from Britain can be heard daily from many United States stations. But German short-wave programmes are not re-broadcast, which has led the Head of the Princeton Listening Center, an organisation which exists to study radio programmes directed to U.S. from overseas, to conclude that 'in the battle to reach the ears of the greatest neutral it was Britain, not Germany, who won.'*

So far so good, but much remains to be done. If the radio authorities within the British Commonwealth of Nations and in the United States can co-operate to that extent, how much more could be done to develop the interchange of

* *European Radio and the War*, by Harold N. Graves, Junior (Annals of the American Academy of Political and Sociological Science, January 1941).

responsible constructive democratic propaganda?

The development of a fuller chain of linked stations throughout the Empire is long overdue; in the United States short-wave radio, a comparatively poor field for commercial exploitation, has been neglected. But there are signs of development, and even now the machinery exists not merely for interchange but for a gigantic propaganda campaign conducted in concert by the United States, the great Dominions and Great Britain. The inhibitions that beset the British propagandist who looks for peace aims and finds only party squabbles would be removed by the very scale of a vast Anglo-Saxon campaign that set out to redefine in contemporary terms those very values and traditions which make practicable co-operation possible.

In his famous speech on the 'Four Freedoms' President Roosevelt has given the lead and the theme; others—Lord Halifax, Mr. Menzies and General Smuts—have provided variations. Such are the essential ingredients of a campaign which would immediately win for the democracies the initiative in political warfare.

c What France wants to hear

by ANDRÉ BERTOUX

Author and Free French Radio Commentator

It may be said without exaggeration that British propaganda to France is, and must be, one of Britain's major war weapons. However important the part played in the later stages of the war by aerial warfare, the economic blockade, and political disunion in the enemy's ranks, there remains the possibility that victory will be secured only by beating, on land, the Nazi land war machine. On the day this task is set to a new B.E.F., will be realised the advantage derived from preliminary intelligent propaganda in France, and thousands of British lives may be saved by the whole-hearted co-operation of the French population.

Every day and night the radio must carry a message of hope, encouragement, and enlightenment to the French listener, who—it must always be remembered—is a clandestine listener. Does the present B.B.C. message to France fulfil these needs? It is the purpose of these notes to show that it does not.

Undoubtedly the French broadcasts from London have done much to hearten and encourage French people, stunned and despairing, after the Pétain-Weygand capitulation of June 1940; a capitulation which they obscurely felt to have been more the result of a deliberate policy on the part of certain French and international class interests than the result of a final and irreparable military defeat. But the B.B.C.'s main effort must be concentrated on providing French listeners with news. Full, detailed, specially written, often repeated, news bulletins must be the order of the day.

The present news organisation is very much below the necessary standard. To begin with, the French bulletins are a literal translation of English news bulletins. That, in itself, is a major fault. The psychological effect of the broadcasts might be immensely strengthened if a staff of experienced French

newspapermen were employed, not merely to translate, but to write—to produce lively, crisp, sharp, condensed news items, with an eye always to the general conclusion that must be the daily background for such broadcasting—Britain's inevitable victory.

One subject, in particular, that has been badly handled is American help to Britain. Long news agency messages relating to the number of aeroplanes that will be produced in the United States some time next year cut no ice with a French family on the verge of starvation, with five or six German officers billeted in the house, and the Gestapo field office only a few doors away. That family may listen to one such bulletin, but not to a second. On the other hand, they would make every effort to tune in to London if they knew that regularly on a certain day, at a certain time, a well-known French observer, or a well-known British writer who speaks good French, would broadcast a commentary on American affairs recorded from New York or Washington, a commentary specially conceived for French consumption, packed with facts and news.

This basic principle of news, more news, and still more news, must have a bearing on the present arrangement of programmes. Bearing in mind the fact that French listening must be clandestine, most of the 'arranged' programmes which are so heavily featured in B.B.C. French broadcasting should be abandoned. The present French staff of the B.B.C., however limited in number and opportunity, are doing well. Their production is of a good standard, and is full of Gallic wit and artistry. But do we need artistry—'staging', *mise en scène*—in order to convince the French people of Vichy treachery? Do we need special music in order to convince French ears of the basic fact that the British Empire and the U.S.A. have joined hands in a pledge to destroy Nazidom for ever?

News bulletins must be drastically revised; the technical organisation on which they are based must be rebuilt from the beginning; the staff must be considerably increased. The main effort, in short, must bear on trebling the information and persuasion value of true facts. The main point to be kept in mind is that the French listener, whatever his or her social level, has a logical mind, and is accustomed to hear, to understand, to argue, and to arrive at conclusions. News bulletins such as were broadcast on the evening of the loss of Crete, when there was a thirty seconds' reference to the tragic island, and an eleven minutes' description of the loss of four Nazi aeroplanes, can have a more disastrous effect on French public opinion than hundreds of German victories. Silence is no remedy in such cases.

Propaganda to France—and, *mutatis mutandis*, to all countries under the Nazi domination—cannot be a Nazified affair of enthusiasm, fanfares and appeals to passion. It must be coldly logical; utterly frank. It must also move along the lines of a definite policy. No such policy exists at the moment, and no such policy will exist, until a body of responsible Frenchmen (many of whom are available in London and are well known to the Government) is called in to advise the B.B.C. on what should and what should not be in the French broadcasts.

To sum up, the essential needs of B.B.C. propaganda to France are good news items, conceived and written in French, logical, convincing and impartial in tone, tireless in repetition of facts intended for clandestine listeners.

d What the Nazis have taught us

by DR. EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH

Former head of Germany's Official News Bureau, Journalistic Adviser to the Weimar Republic

PROPAGANDA is both an art *and* a science. This accounts for a good deal of the controversy raging about the use that is made of it, and the form it has taken during the present war. The artist and writer, impulsive and inspired, have to provide the ammunition for our great intellectual and moral struggle; the scientist, the strategist, weighing the pros and cons, discovering the weak spots of the enemy, working with graphs, maps and time-tables, have to direct the fire. The main difficulty seems to be to find the great strategist who unites in his person both gifts, possessing the power to lead all his troops into battle when and where they are most effective, and to override all the objections which old-fashioned or departmental minds put in the way of this comparatively new kind of warfare.

After nearly two years of a war during which the enemy held the initiative, both in the military field and that of propaganda, British public opinion has at last awakened to these facts. It suddenly realises that there is no Minister of Propaganda but only of 'Information', no Commander-in-Chief and no General Staff guiding the great army of enthusiastic and, on the whole, efficient fighters for a good and noble cause—the mere realisation of which should be able to defeat the enemy. Some of the arguments during the recent debate in Parliament, together with those presented on the following pages by experts and able representatives of public opinion, show the urgent need of a decisive solution and point to the direction where it is to be found. Propaganda is a matter of more than temporary or even national importance. Therefore, perhaps, the views of a student of propaganda who was concerned with this problem on the Continent, and was entrusted to utilise the lessons of the first World War, in a leading position under the German Republic, may help to clarify certain basic principles.

In 1920, when only scant material was available, I wrote a book on *Propaganda, A Political Instrument*. It was the first of its kind, dealing with the history, psychology, technique and achievements of propaganda and trying to elaborate a system for its future employment. It attracted considerable attention in many countries; it was—and still is—widely quoted, although the methods I advocated were necessarily old-fashioned before modern inventions had been perfected. Yet it was on the lines of this book that the Nazis built up their vast organisation. I received a belated and doubtful compliment when, driven out of my office, a friend of mine, a judge of the German Supreme Court, told me in 1934 of an experience of his.

He had been called on some official business to the headquarters of Dr. Goebbels. When he faced the ugly dwarf in the huge room of the Frederick Leopold Palace, he observed that his large desk was bare except for a copy of my old book. 'I am astonished at you,' said my friend. 'The book of an adversary, a Liberal and Democrat, Stresemann's friend and adviser, and on your desk!' The Minister of Propaganda grinned:

'Yes—and a very good book indeed; we learned a lot from it, and although the Party was still poor, we bought forty or fifty copies of it when it appeared, and distributed it among all our propagandists.'

I am certainly not proud of my Nazi 'pupils'. They perverted my teachings, and while they were crafty and apparently successful in the exploitation of my method, they vitiated the fundamentally moral task of propaganda just as they had tainted everything else by making it subservient to their racial presumption and their lust for power. With devilish cunning they adopted all the cynicisms with which bright students of mass psychology once in a while enlivened their somewhat dull books: *Tell a lie and stick to it. The greater the lie, the easier it is believed. Always repeat the same thing and you will convince.* And so on. But they neglected the fundamental truth which I had tried to emphasise: negative propaganda never pays in the long run; it is bound to hit its originator like a boomerang. While a butcher might be successful by advertising: *Brown Buys the Best Beef*, he would hardly lure away customers from his competitors by announcing: *Jones's Joints are Jejune*, or *Smith's Steaks Stink*. Yet that is what Nazi propaganda does all the time, and it would have lost its grip, even upon the German population, if it had not been supported by the Gestapo and total denial of intellectual liberty. With all due respect, therefore, I doubt Goebbels's assertion, made during the last Party Rally before the war, at Essen, 25th June, 1939: *We have created the Third Reich by propaganda.*

What they have created is merely a smoke screen, so colossal, so thick, so asphyxiating that the unfortunate victims within cannot see anything clearly any more, and that whiffs of its poisonous fumes are drifting all over the world, causing cases of dizziness and eye-trouble here and there. To penetrate that smoke screen we have to use powerful bellows, in order to pump the fresh air of truth and common sense into it. We must avoid using these bellows of truth from different directions, with different strength, thereby creating confusion and contradiction. We need to have a man on the bridge who knows not only his own guns and their firing power, but the location, the strength and the missiles of the strong and unscrupulous foe; someone who, above all, is able to transplant himself into the mind of his adversary. Even for our purely military strategy it might be wise to have not a professional soldier but the best available psychiatrist on top of the ladder; how much more that applies to spiritual warfare! For we are fighting perverted minds, brains warped by the godlike rulership of a maniac, by years of a strictly one-track 'education' imposed upon a whole nation, unable to think any longer on lines evolved by two thousand years of Western civilisation, of Christianity and of tolerance.

Twenty years ago a defeated Germany became aware that her collapse, after years of victories all over Europe, was to a considerable extent due to propaganda—to the weapons so ingeniously welded and wielded by Northcliffe and Beaverbrook. I tried to devise a system by which Germany was to regain her place peacefully among the nations of the world. I would never have advocated that this activity should be called 'propaganda'. Goebbels cynically chose this label for his huge organisation reaching far beyond the sphere in which the fundamentally clean and honest weapons of the spirit should be employed. For the best kind of propaganda, truth backed by sincere conviction, is indeed nothing

but *information*. Our Ministry of Information would be quite adequate, provided it were given the necessary powers, and were put on an equal footing with the fighting services; in some instances being granted even a decisive voice in the formulation of our strategy. In its own sphere the Ministry has to consider a number of facts in every campaign. Two decades ago I tried to classify them as follows:

1. Fixing the objective at which an attack (*a*) is to be directed, (*b*) the limitations as to its scope both in space and time and the type of adversary it is to reach.
2. Anticipating its repercussions upon (*a*) one's own compatriots, (*b*) the neutrals, (*c*) the attacked peoples or sections of a population as to unintended secondary effects.
3. Selecting the means of a campaign (*a*) of a positive nature, (*b*) of a prohibitive character—avoiding, e.g., the clashing of mere assertions from both sides by 'flanking operations'—(*c*) of a defensive description prepared to refute enemy propaganda.
4. Deciding the duration of any specific campaign; this is perhaps the most difficult task in trying to influence the mass mind prone to become deaf to every argument, unless the method for bringing it home is changed at the psychological moment.
5. Watching the adversary in order to benefit, promptly and efficiently, by every one of his mistakes.

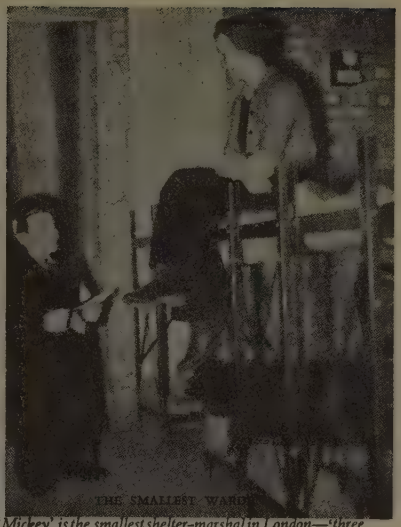
Besides these, the 'Minister of Minds' has the permanent task to find, win and convince his staff; for propaganda that becomes routine is bound to get stale. Even more than on the battlefield, in propaganda the strongest, the most ethical, the most moral personality is going to win. There was never a cause as clear-cut, simple and honest as that for which Britain and her Allies now stand—except perhaps abolitionist cause in the American Civil War. There are enough Germans convinced, or half convinced already, of this fact: it should be possible to win them completely for our cause—easier than it was possible to win in 1918 the peoples of Austria-Hungary for their 'Right of Self-Government' or the half-starved Germans for Wilson's Fourteen Points.

This is a spiritual war as much as, if not more than, a war on land, sea and in the air. The struggle can be shortened, endless misery can be averted if we succeed in breaking Hitler's interior front line; and in making all humanity outside the Nazi sphere realise the conviction of our unavoidable final victory. But neither half-hearted organisation nor 'official' minds can work that miracle; the men who were brought up in the territories we want to convince are the only ideal carriers of our message. To formulate that message, we are fortunate enough to have in Winston Churchill the master-mind and the master pen; but not even he, responsible as he is for the whole of our vital struggle with the forces of evil, can do more than set the task for the thousands of able, willing and subtle brains to put theory into practice. We must make up our minds, and make them up now, whether this war shall be won by, or in defiance of, propaganda; whether we fight a defensive battle against Goebbels and his poisoned arrows, or whether we attack him in his innermost stronghold. By making the Minister of Information a mere carrier pigeon of the Services, handing out, or at best elaborating what the essentially uncommunicative military authorities consent to release, we can certainly not accomplish the vital task.

Spirit of England

by SIR PHILIP GIBBS

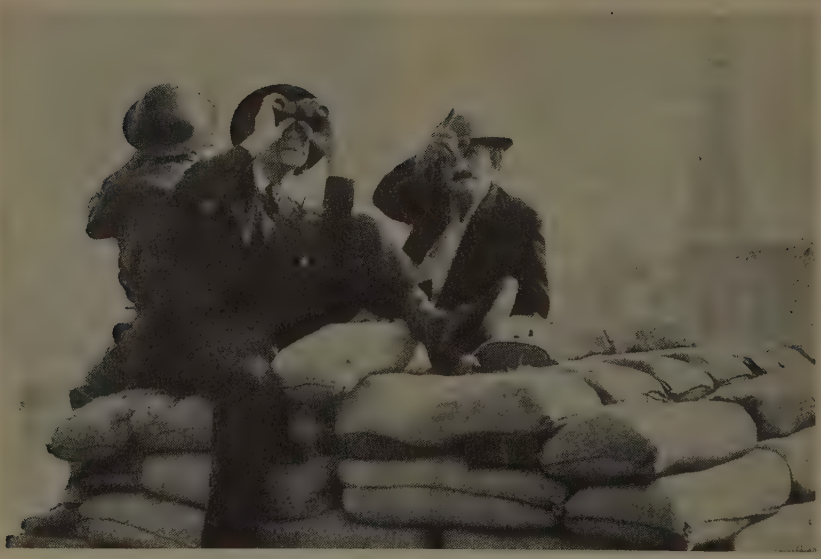
'The war has lifted our people to a height never reached until now, in spite of an old tradition of valour and endurance. What makes one anxious is the thought that all this spiritual courage may be let down by incompetence on top'



'Mickey' is the smallest shelter-marshal in London—'three feet six inches of reckless unconcern and tireless energy'

In two books of mine, called *England Speaks* and *Ordeal in England*, I tried to get fairly deep into the character and quality of our English folk—leaving out the Scots, the Welsh, and the Irish because I am not so familiar with them. In those two books, now out of date, there was, I believe, something of the spirit of England as I have found it in all classes of city and country life, in high places and low, in factories and farms, in mansions and mean streets. So I thought I knew something about the people of my own blood. Now I know that I knew very little. At least I did not know the full measure of their quality, nor the unbelievable height of moral and spiritual valour which they could reach and hold—not for a few days but for a long period of peril which demands from them a sacrifice never asked from them before, a need of courage and endurance never before demanded from them, and a faith, long enduring, in spite of all the terrors which encompass them and bear down upon them.

This atrocious and murderous war in which for the first time in history the whole civilian population is in the firing line and the battle zone, has revealed a common heroism in millions of little homes which, to my mind and others, is supernatural. That is to say, there is something added to the ordinary natural courage of the men, women and young girls which we knew they had. It burns in them like a little white flame. There is something mystical in it. 'I see it in their eyes', said a friend of mine who goes down among the working women bombed out of their little homes and brought to the underground shelters. 'It gives them a kind of beauty — these charwomen and hard-working mothers from tenement



Roof Spotters scanning the sky—another branch of the civilians' army

houses and bed-sitting-rooms, in poor districts.'

I have seen it too in the eyes of women—that little white flame of the spirit—in the eyes of typist girls and shop girls who, after a night raid by the black bats of death, come out of suburban houses, which are no more proof against bombs than if they were built of cardboard. They have heard the heavy crash of high explosives in the streets about them. Their neighbours have been killed. But they catch the early morning tram or bus as usual and go to their offices or shops, stepping over the debris made the night before and chatting as though fresh from cowslip fields. I have seen it—that little white flame—in the eyes of hospital nurses who take their duty in the wards under heavy bombardment, during which their only thought is to keep the patients calm. The wounded are carried in, badly mutilated. They see the real horror of this war but keep steady and unafraid.

I talk to lots of people I meet about—taxi drivers who keep their flags up and ply for hire through nights when the sky is red with fires, and to old craftsmen in London work-rooms, the people in the shelters, the refugees from Bermondsey, East Ham, and the districts where the little houses have caught it worst.

'We'll get him yet', say the taxi drivers.

'We'll beat 'em in the end', say the mechanics and craftsmen.

'It's a hard job, but we'll see it through', say men who have had their homes destroyed.

'We shall have to go on until that gang has been wiped out in Germany',

'The Yeomen of England' live again in the Home Guard, shown here at their former training centre of Osterley Park

say policemen, whose steel helmets are not much use when high explosives are falling, and firemen who go into the heart of the red hells.

'If my name is on a shell I shall get it, but I don't worry', said a woman in a tobacco kiosk.

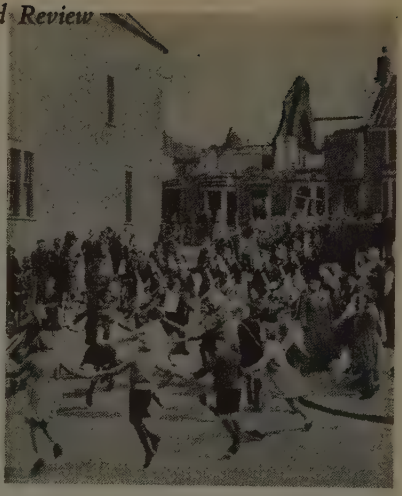
'I worried a bit for a time', said a young charwoman, 'because I thought the Germans might bomb my bed-sitting-room where me and my man live, before he went to the Army. Now they've bombed it, so there's nothing more to worry about.'

Much of this has been told over the radio and in every newspaper. Every day the record of this common courage grows longer—but not even now, and indeed, never in history, can the full tale of this heroic spirit of the English people be told in all its detail and in all its quality. In some ways it redeems the misery and murderous character of this war. It has lifted up our people to a height never reached until now, in spite of an old tradition of valour and endurance.

What makes one anxious is the thought that all this spiritual courage may be let down by incompetence on top; by a false optimism slurring over dreadful facts; by red tape officialdom strangling action, desperately urgent; by old-fashioned minds working in the rhythm of the last war, while our enemies are devising new methods of warfare; by the easy going character of the English tradition, unable even now to envisage the terrific perils of our present state; by the amateur touch, challenged by professionals dehumanised in their scientific brains, and very industrious in the organisation of death and destruction.

We have moved so slowly while those others moved so fast. We have been unimaginative while our enemy went ahead of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells in the invention of terror. Our intelligence let us down. Our diplomacy was deplorable. We have made irreparable mistakes. We are still unable to escape from the traditions of a social system and character which are apt to blunt the fine edge of sword-like minds, impatient of delay. We are swathed and blanketed in the jolly old faith that England always comes out on top—so why worry?

Those are the defects and dangers of our national character. Will they let the people down—these people who show a common courage which oversteps the ordinary limit of human endurance? That would be a fearful thing. Being English I cannot believe that it will happen. Somehow the spirit of our people will win its final victory over the powers of evil and darkness.



The Spirit of England—children dancing in a blitzed town

THE WHITE CLIFFS

AND were they not English, our forefathers, never more
English than when they shook the dust of her sod
From their feet for ever, angrily seeking a shore
Where in his own way a man might worship his God.
Never more English than when they dared to be
Rebels against her—that stern intractable sense
Of that which no man can stomach and still be free,
Writing: 'When in the course of human events . . .'
Writing it out so all the world could see
Whence come the powers of all just governments.
The tree of Liberty grew and changed and spread,
But the seed was English.

I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate here—much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live.

ALICE DUER MILLER

2

The Duke of Spoleto, Croatia's puppet King with the exotic name of Aimone I

The Key to South-Eastern Europe

King Alexander of Serbia—assassinated at Marseilles

by WICKHAM STEED

The greatest living British expert on the Balkans and the Danubian countries presents the secrets and the solution of the key-problem of Croatia

KING PETER of Yugoslavia is in England. Like his father in 1915 he is forming a Government in exile. His country is overrun by the enemy and split up. Part of it, Croatia, has been assigned as a kingdom to the Duke of Spoleto, nephew of the King of Italy. The history of the Yugo, or Southern, Slavs records heroic, tragic, and also criminal episodes. But I can remember no episode so fantastic as that in which King Victor Emmanuel, head of the House of Savoy, allowed his nephew to become 'King of Croatia' by the grace of Ante Pavelitch, the chief organiser, under Mussolini and Hitler, of the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles in 1934. Nor can I recall a more singular fact in the modern history of the Vatican than that Pavelitch, long 'wanted' by the French police as an assassin, should have been received in audience by His Holiness the Pope after having borne the 'Crown' of Catholic Croatia as a gift to the Italian Royal Family.

The problem of the Yugoslavs is the key problem of South-Eastern Europe. In it there are many wheels within wheels; and he who would understand it must know much of Central and South-Eastern Europe. Most Britons who have cared to study it have approached it either from a Central European or from a Balkan angle. My own first contact with it was through Italy where, in the closing years of the nineteenth and in the earliest years of the twentieth centuries, I was correspondent of *The Times* and a close student of modern Italian history. Then, from 1903 until 1913, I had to deal with the Yugoslav problem at first hand in Vienna; and, during the last great war, I took a minor part in the events that led up to the establishment of Yugoslav unity, freedom and independence in 1918.

Who are the Yugoslavs? There are three main branches of them. The most numerous are the Serbians of Serbia whose empire was shattered by the Turks at the Battle of Kossovo on June 28, 1389; and it is characteristic of Yugoslav tenacity and fidelity to historic memories that Kossovo Day has ever since been kept as the chief national day of remembrance.

Ante Pavelitch, terrorist and quisling, in a traditional 'balcony scene' with Mussolini

For nearly five centuries after 1389 the Serbians of Serbia lay under the Ottoman heel. They were Christians, professing the Greek Orthodox creed. When Serbia regained her independence in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, two of the Turkish Yugoslav provinces which had formerly belonged to the Serbian Empire were handed over by the Great Powers for Austria-Hungary 'to occupy and administer'. Other Yugoslav lands, namely, Croatia-Slavonia, Slovenia, Istria and Dalmatia, inhabited by Croats, Serbs and Slovenes, were already ruled by Austria or Hungary. The tiny principality of Montenegro kept its independence on a rocky height above the Adriatic to the south of Dalmatia. The Montenegrins are Serb by race and Orthodox by religion. The Croats of Croatia-Slavonia and Dalmatia, and a section of the inhabitants of Bosnia-Herzegovina, are Roman Catholics. Another section in Bosnia-Herzegovina is Mussulman, though Serb by race. The Slovenes, inhabiting country to the west of Croatia and running down to the Adriatic round the Gulf of Trieste, are, like the Croats, Catholic. These religious differences, together with the diversities of political history, served to keep Serbs, Croats and Slovenes apart.

More important than religious and political distinctions was the fact that the Yugoslav country lay between the Germanic races of Central Europe and the Near East. Serbia, in particular, held 'the gate to the East'. It had long been the ambition of Austria, on the one hand, to gain control of the Balkans and to extend Habsburg sway as far as Salonica; and, on the other hand, it had been the rival ambition of Imperial Russia to possess Constantinople and to gather all the Orthodox peoples of the Balkans into the Russian fold. These ambitions counter-balanced each other as long as German policy showed little active interest in the Near East, and stuck to Bismarck's principle that the Balkans were 'not worth the sound bones of a single Pomeranian Grenadier'. Things changed gradually when, after Bismarck's fall in 1890, pan-German ideas began to prevail, and German policy sought to gain sway over Central and South-Eastern Europe, Turkey and Asia Minor 'from Hamburg to Baghdad'. Then it became clear that the chief obstacle to the fulfilment of this pan-German aim was Serbia, both as an independent State athwart the pan-German line of advance, and as a possible rallying point for the Yugoslav peoples in general.

Nor were pan-German ambitions confined to the mainland of the Balkan peninsula. They included the ultimate control of the Adriatic, with Trieste and Fiume as its principal non-Italian ports. The great Italian statesman, Cavour, had foreseen this German aim, and had understood that it would end by making Italy subservient to Germany unless

Italians and Yugoslavs could come together for the joint defence of the Adriatic. Two of Cavour's principal lieutenants, the Marquis Visconti Venosta and Count Nigra, shared his foresight; and it was from them that I got my first inkling of the wider European bearings of the Yugoslav problem. Before I left Rome for Vienna in the autumn of 1902 the Marquis Visconti Venosta, then the Nestor of Italian statesmen, revealed to me the underlying purposes of German policy, and argued that unless they could be thwarted by a good understanding between Austria-Hungary and Italy, a great European war, in which England would be ranged against Germany, must break out within ten or fifteen years. Events proved the accuracy of his forecast.

Meanwhile Austria-Hungary and Russia were contending for the diplomatic control of the Balkans and especially of Serbia. In the summer of 1903 both of them connived at a plot to remove the wretched Serbian king, Alexander Obrenovitch, whom neither of them trusted. But instead of kidnapping and dethroning him, the conspirators at Belgrade murdered him brutally and extinguished the Obrenovitch dynasty. Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, head of the rival dynasty, then took possession of the Serbian throne and, on his way through Vienna, was hailed by Croatian students as 'King of Croatia'. The Austrian authorities turned a blind eye on this demonstration because they thought they held Peter Karageorgeovitch in the hollow of their hands. They were mistaken. Within a couple of years King Peter Karageorgeovitch, grandfather of the young King Peter now in England, resisted Austro-Hungarian pressure and made Serbia truly independent for the first time in her modern history.

Dr. Matchek, leader of the Croat peasants (nearest to the camera) drives out with Prime Minister Cvetkovic whom Serbian indignation swept from his office

King Peter's firmness confronted Austria-Hungary with a crucial question. An independent Serbia was bound to attract the Southern Slavs of the Habsburg dominions; and though the Croats and Slovenes of Austria-Hungary were Roman Catholics, it was feared that ties of blood and race might prove stronger than any ecclesiastical allegiance. In order to meet this danger the Austro-Hungarian Heir-Apparent, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, favoured a scheme for the creation of a Southern Slav State under Roman Catholic auspices within the Habsburg Monarchy. He saw in it a means both of absorbing the Kingdom of Serbia and of putting an end to the predominant position of Hungary in the Anglo-Hungarian Monarchy. The Roman Catholic Church looked with favour upon his idea, which was bitterly opposed both by Hungary and by important sections, Croat as well as Serb, of the Austro-Hungarian Yugoslavs. The latter decided, in 1905, to sink their religious and political differences and to form a Serbo-Croat Coalition to promote the interests of the whole people. While they had no thought, at that time, of breaking away from the

Habsburg Monarchy or of union with Serbia, unless Serbia should choose to come into the Monarchy, their movement of reconciliation aroused fierce hostility among the Hungarians, and disquieted the Germans of Austria and the partisans of pan-Germanism everywhere.

In the course of 1905 my eyes were opened by a curious incident. The Croat Mayor of Split (or Spalato) in Dalmatia, Dr. Trumbitch, who was a member of the Austrian Parliament, asked me if I could inform *The Times* of the impending prosecution of the leading Croat journalist at Fiume, Frano Supilo, by the Hungarian Government. Supilo, it appeared, had written a series of articles pleading for friendship and concord between Italians and Slavs on the Adriatic. All kinds of influences, mainly German, he argued, were being use to make bad blood between them; and unless the Adriatic Slavs and Italians could agree, the Adriatic Sea would end by being neither Slav nor Italian but German. For this heresy he was prosecuted by the Hungarian authorities (doubtless under German influence) for the crime of 'agitation' and was threatened with two years' penal servitude.

So I thought it well to apply for permission to attend and to report the trial of Supilo. Ten days later Supilo came to thank me and to tell me that the threat of publicity had so frightened the Hungarian authorities that they had withdrawn the prosecution. Before long Supilo was the recognised leader of the Serbo-Croatian Coalition in Croatia-Slavonia, while Dr. Trumbitch was its leader in Dalmatia, which belonged to Austria. In the hope of crushing it the Austro-Hungarian authorities fabricated forgeries to prove that its members were in the pay of Serbia. These forgeries were exposed in a public trial at Vienna at the end of 1909.

Meanwhile, in the autumn of 1908, Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina and brought on a European crisis that almost ended in war. From that time onwards it became clear that the peace of Europe would depend upon Austro-Hungarian and German policy towards Serbia and the Yugoslav movement. At the end of the European crisis in March 1909, when the Austro-Hungarian army was ready for war against Serbia and Russia, the German Chancellor had compelled Russia, by a sort

Croat girls dance in the streets of Zagreb

'Trg Jellacic', the main square of the Croatian capital with the equestrian statue of Croatia's mid-nineteenth century national hero

of ultimatum, to withdraw support from Serbia. Russian indignation had then shaken the throne of the Tsar. It became impossible for Russia to yield again. In the autumn of 1913, after Serbia and Greece had defeated Bulgaria in the second Balkan war, the German Emperor urged Austria-Hungary to go ahead and crush Serbia even if this should mean war with Russia. On June 28, 1914, Kossovo Day, which the Serbians, and Yugoslavs generally, were celebrating in a spirit of gladness for the first time after five centuries, the Austro-Hungarian Heir-Apparent visited Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, where he was assassinated. Austria-Hungary, backed by Germany, made of this crime a pretext to attack Serbia—and the European war began.

The great war of 1914–18 cannot be understood unless it be regarded as a first attempt to realise the pan-German ambition to gain sway over South-Eastern Europe and the Middle East, as a step towards the mastery of the world. The Yugoslav problem was the key to the whole desperate venture. In the present war Hitler has renewed that venture on a vaster scale. Incidentally, he has tried to get rid of the Yugoslav problem by cutting away the mainly Roman Catholic regions of Yugoslavia, in the form of a 'Kingdom of Croatia', and by making them over provisionally to Fascist Italy. The safety of South-Eastern Europe demands not only the total overthrow of Hitler and pan-Germanism but the total restoration of Yugoslav unity and freedom; and when

German Nazism and Italian Fascism have been alike destroyed, there may be a chance of such a relationship between Italians and Yugoslavs as the wisest Italian and Yugoslav leaders have desired.

With some British friends who, like me, enjoyed the confidence of far-sighted Italians and Yugoslavs, I made in 1917 and 1918 an effort to promote Italo-Yugoslav friendship. When this effort appeared to have succeeded I was urged to enlist the support of a revolutionary Italian Socialist and editor named Benito Mussolini. I saw him at Milan in April 1918, in circumstances that may still be of interest.

After my British friends and I had brought about, early in 1918, a provisional agreement between Italians and Yugoslavs, the Italian Prime Minister, Signor Orlando, sent for me and asked me to tell him what he called my 'bottom thought' on Italo-Yugoslav relations. I told him that in my view the only policy which could give Italy security on her North-Eastern border, safety in the Adriatic, and an honoured place in Europe would be openly to espouse the cause of the Yugoslavs and of the other subject Habsburg peoples, and to be their champion and advocate at the Peace Conference. Then Italy might extend her moral and political influence across the Adriatic, through the whole Danubian region, and secure the abiding friendship of Yugoslavia, Roumania and Czechoslovakia, which would look upon her as their guide and protectress. Italy would also establish a claim upon the gratitude of the Allied peoples for having been chiefly instrumental in the overthrow of Austria and, consequently, in the defeat of Germany. But the essential preliminary to such a policy must be sincere agreement and co-operation between the Italians and the Yugoslavs.

The Italian Prime Minister accepted this policy. It was proclaimed at the Rome Congress of subject Austro-Hungarian races in April 1918. I was strongly urged to explain it to Mussolini and to gain his support. In a conversation of some two hours I did explain it to him. He saw at once the great advantages it would bring to Italy—and then suggested how, after having used it to 'rope in' Yugoslavs and the Czechoslovaks; Italy might betray those peoples if it should suit her book to do so. I left him with a strong impression that he was a rogue, an impression which I have never seen reason to revise.

Since then, as 'Duce' of Fascist Italy, and as the accomplice and jackal of Hitler, he has played the rogue to the undoing of his country. Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia will rise again in unity, freedom and prosperity. With the Greeks to the south and the Poles to the north they will stand as the wardens of Central and South-Eastern Europe against any revival of pan-Germanism. There may be one or more federations of peoples in the Balkans and along the Danube. The 'King of Croatia', by the grace of Ante Pavelitch, will vanish into merited contempt; and the Italian people will have leisure to reflect upon the consequences of their apostacy from the enlightened ideals of the greatest statesman of their Risorgimento and from the wisdom of those who sat at his feet.

Meanwhile King Peter of Yugoslavia will return to his own country as a sovereign and leader who, in an hour of destiny, helped his people to save their souls by spurning alike pan-German blandishments and threats. An heroic son will complete the work of an heroic father; and the key problem of South-Eastern Europe will be a problem no more.

The New Diplomacy

by VERNON BARTLETT

To what extent will Embassies and Legations survive the war? Will the diplomats be delegates to a standing International Conference? Vernon Bartlett visualises an International Training Centre for young diplomats. He also visualises a possible International Parliament

The Green Table, a famous creation of the Joos ballet, is a satire on diplomacy. But pre-war diplomacy itself was often a parody of international relations

'THE Foreign Office in Downing Street,' wrote Professor Harold Laski recently in the *New Statesman*, 'requires to recruit men who are prepared to confront the need to organise a new world instead of being obsessed by a nostalgia for the old.'

We are ourselves very much responsible for the obsession. We think of a diplomat—whom our fiction writers generally refer to as an *attaché* in preference to the official, but less romantic, 'secretary'—as an elegant and willowy young man. A Minister should be tall and slender, with fine features and hair that is wavy and going slightly grey over the temples. An Ambassador may be corpulent, because he must have plenty of space on which to display the sash of some order, a decoration hung round his neck and a number of stars and medals pinned about him *à la Goering*. The diplomat who lacks these physical characteristics will perhaps develop some other peculiarity of manner to pick him out from the ordinary run of human beings. And so we keep up the snobbish nonsense, and find an advertising value in the names connected with diplomacy —Ambassador Hotels, Embassy Cafés and Attaché products.

There is nothing very new in Mr. Eden's promise to give us a Diplomatic Service more adequate to our needs and representative of our people. You can meet many Counsellors and First Secretaries of the present time who came into the Service immediately after the last war and who have been hampered ever since by the Government's failure to keep its promise to them that a private income would not be important. Each time that diplomacy fails so obviously that the nation is plunged into war we are told that it is to be altered and improved.

For more than a score of years I have moved around a good deal from capital to capital. Occasionally an American

Germany enters the League — Stresemann on the rostrum in Geneva

diplomat has been helpful—in Budapest, for example, before the Minister there, Nicholas Roosevelt, had to resign because his cousin, a representative of another political party, had become President of the United States, and most American diplomatic appointments are political ones. There is not so rigid a tradition in the American Diplomatic Service as in our own. And although that means that many American diplomats are excessively snobbish, in order, as it were, to catch up, there are always a few who take their job seriously, who set out to discover all they can about the people in whose country they are stationed, and who take a very different view of the value of the Press from that taken by the ordinary product of the British Diplomatic Service.

That British view, very frankly, angers me and this article is biassed as a result. I have good friends in many British embassies and legations. I have been treated with great kindness and hospitality. I have personally less than no complaint to make. But, in principle, the British Diplomatic Service, even more than most other Diplomatic Services—since, hitherto, the Consuls have been treated as a separate and rather inferior race—treat journalists, businessmen and others who play an equally important part in moulding the relations between one state and another, rather as nuisances or enemies, than as essential allies.

That sort of thing really will *not* do. I have found, after these years of experience, that the rather despised local correspondent, the Secretary of the British Chamber of Commerce, and all sorts of other British residents who feel properly flattered if they are asked to the Embassy garden party on the King's birthday, know far more of trends of events in a foreign country than these diplomats upon whose training so much time and money has been spent. I have seen with growing bitterness how able, keen and cheerful young men who have passed what is, after all, a very difficult examination, make less and less use of their knowledge, have less and less understanding of their fellow-men as they go from post to post and are pushed up from rung to rung of the ladder towards a knighthood, an ambassadorship, and honorable retirement.

Something must be said here in defence of British diplomacy during the last few years. It has failed not so much because its servants were incompetent as because our foreign policy was based upon a bluff, and Hitler knew it.

Of all the Foreign Secretaries who have occupied that pleasant first floor corner room since 1918 probably only one, Arthur Henderson, has really known what he wanted. And he had no time to carry his policy out. The others have received every conceivable warning from their ambassadors and ministers but have lacked either the courage or the common sense necessary to convince the Cabinet and the House of Commons that, if we were not prepared to insist on international disarmament we must greatly increase our national armament.

The result of this failure has been—and indeed still is—that our foreign policy has been weak and dithering because we have lacked the military resources to make it strong.

What part will diplomacy play after the war? Presumably, the military defeat of Germany will synchronise with social revolution there and in all the occupied states. However able they may be, the German refugees and the members of the Allied governments in Britain will be too much out of touch to be more than hyphens between London and the capitals of their respective countries. Almost inevitably there will be a period of terrible disorder in Germany while an angry people hunts out the Nazi leaders responsible for so much suffering. In such a confused Europe the professional diplomat of the old type would be as bewildered as a small child in the maze at Hampton Court.

The first discussions between victors and vanquished, after the purely military matters have been settled, will deal with supplies of food and other necessities. That means that men with experience of business and administration will become special envoys dealing, without the intermediary of professional diplomats, with ephemeral governments of the most varied political colours. On their staffs there will have to be economists, experts on questions of communications and sociologists ready to follow political movements from the time when they appear as unimportant as the National-Socialist appeared in 1921.

As far as book learning is concerned, the young diplomat of to-day is well qualified; it is in his subsequent training, from the time when he goes abroad to study languages in genteel *pensions* and *instituts*, that he so often goes astray. The public school provides a training for

The early days of appeasement—Austen Chamberlain and Mussolini

some professions which is more valuable than it is fashionable to pretend. But in the future diplomacy may not be among them. A diplomat nowadays is less a negotiator than a reporter whose despatches are sub-edited in his Foreign Office at home, and are then used—or should be used—by his government in the formulation of national policy. And a reporter needs rough commonsense and an ability to mix with people of all social classes rather than culture and charm of manner. The present reforms provide for scholarships to boys who have no private means. They will be chosen while still at school and sent abroad for their training. That training should not include the grant of large sums of money since, to understand a country, they should know at first hand how its poorer citizens live.

But one wonders to what extent embassies and legations will survive the war. Peripatetic foreign ministers may be dangerous and the system of secret discussions held at sudden and sensational conferences will always be as disastrous as were the meetings between ministers held in the last few years before the war. There is still a great deal to be said in favour of 'open covenants openly arrived at'; there is nothing to be said for a conference at which newspaper men

from all over the world are fobbed off with three-line communiqués issued at two or three o'clock in the morning. That gives too great an influence to the delegate with an axe to grind. But with the development of communications the difference between an ambassador and a postman must become less and less; diplomats will become more and more delegates to a standing international conference.

Those of us who worked on the League of Nations Secretariat before Sir John Simon's first great betrayal of its Covenant, when the Japanese invaded Manchuria in 1931, know how genuine and useful the 'Geneva atmosphere' could be. Delegates *did* discuss serious problems in public and, just because they had to put forward their case in front of some hundreds of newspaper reporters, they had to see to it that the case was fairly good. One had—and one will have again—a genuine spirit of co-operation which enabled League conferences sometimes to succeed, whereas *ad hoc* conferences, summoned at some moment of crisis, always failed. Geneva was as bad a city for the purpose as could possibly have been chosen, since it stands at no great junction of communications, and the men there became almost too ready to forget national prejudice; they forgot how far ahead they were of public opinion at home. But next time we may have a more sensible choice of home for our International Government.

Clearly we shall again have to build up an international organisation including both a Permanent Secretariat and almost permanent conference of government delegates, and any number of conferences of government experts on any number of subjects. I would like to see two innovations. One would be an International Parliament, which would be attended by opponents as well as by supporters of each government. The other would be an International Centre at which young men and women would be trained to serve their country either in the national diplomatic service or in the International Secretariat.

British and other governments please note!

Diplomats listen to the 'man of action'—rather despondently. Mr. Eden and Lord Simon visit Hitler in March 1935

Painting and Sculpture

by E. H. RAMSDEN

The author, E. H. Ramsden, whose book, 'An Introduction to Modern Art', was published by the Oxford University Press last year, discusses the recent movements in art known as Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Surrealism and Constructivism and tries to indicate what among their confused manifestations is significant for the future

THERE are few great artists, as a modern French writer has pointed out, who have escaped the reproach of obscurity from their contemporaries. But 'the obscurity of a passage is the product of two factors: the thing read and the being who reads it. The latter rarely blames himself.' It must, nevertheless, be admitted that modern art is not 'easy', though it is probably not in essence more difficult than that of any other period. For the assumption that art is a subject that may lightly be approached dates only from the Victorian era, when painting came to be regarded as a drawing-room accomplishment, rather than as 'an intellectual virtue' of the highest order. It would be a mistake on the part of any critic to perpetuate this fallacy. At the same time it may be said that if the subject is approached in a free and unbiased spirit the fact that it is built upon a wholly logical structure will gradually become apparent.

In the first place, the habit of looking at pictures and carvings with certain preconceived notions as to what art should or should not give and as to the way in which things should or should not be done is, at all costs, to be avoided, for this habit tends, at the outset, to be inimical to the enjoyment of everything that does not conform to these notions. Since, in view of the immense variety of art-forms, it would manifestly be futile to suppose that there is only one way of doing things and only one set of standards to be observed. Thus, for instance, everyone with a knowledge of western art is so familiar with the practice of painting a head with one side of the face shaded that it never occurs to anyone to question the usage. Yet when a European painter attempted to use this method when portraying the dignitaries of the Chinese court, the Emperor Kang'hsi objected, on the ground that the Chinese do not have one side of the face white

IMPRESSIONIST
Claude Monet. 'The Thaw' 1880
Gulbenkian Collection.
National Gallery

and the other black. It is, therefore, obvious that everything depends upon the convention to which people become accustomed; so that to imagine that there is only one norm is merely to expose one's own ignorance of the possibilities.

A recognition of these facts is, then, the first and most important requirement, but no extensive understanding of the subject can be gained unless each phase of development is related to its time and place.

Now, it is evident that what is possible to-day in the world of mechanical invention was not possible a hundred or even fifty years ago, since with the advancement of science and the growth of technical knowledge the whole character and tempo of life is changing in a way that is as rapid as it is fundamental. It is, therefore, only to be expected that the aims and ideals of art should likewise undergo a change, since if the art of a people does not reflect the manner and ways of thought of its period it ceases to be a vital part of cultural life. So that to the extent that the change from water and wind to steam, and from steam to electricity, the generation of power, for example, has been accepted by everyone, to that extent should the comparable changes in modern art be

welcomed, inasmuch as they indicate a stage of evolution that is in keeping with the whole trend of contemporary development. For just as the waning of the power of the Church led to the decline of religious painting and to the institution of a secular art, so the progress of chemical research, the invention of the camera and the perfecting of the machine have likewise had their effect upon the artist of modern times.

It has been said with truth that if one criticises painting by its verisimilitude, one's understanding is that of a child, for, generally speaking, it is not what is painted that matters, but the quality of the painting and the style and the manner in which it is done. 'Who told you that one paints with colours?' said Chardin, 'one makes use of colours, but one paints with the emotions,' and this being the case, it is obvious that subject-matter as such is immaterial and is not something that can, in actuality, be considered as distinct from its form, though for the purpose of the present argument this distinction may be made.

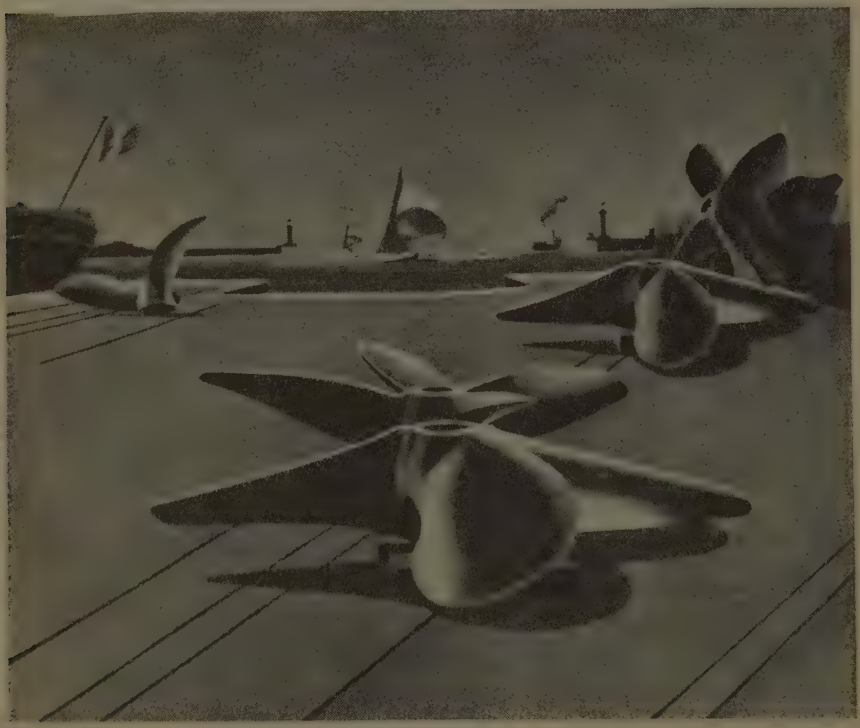
Without going back to prehistoric art, which most people would find as difficult to understand as the most modern phases, it may be useful to deal shortly with what the artist chooses to

POST IMPRESSIONIST
Cézanne. 'Landscape into Rocks', c. 1880
Tate Gallery

paint and why. In many cases the reasons for his choice are fairly obvious, in others they are less so, but it is safe to say that through the ages the primal motive of nearly all great art has been a religious one. In the course of time, however, the original impulse seems invariably to have been lost, owing as much as anything else to a constant repetition of the same motifs, until at last convention has taken the place of inspiration and art has degenerated from the purity of Fra Angelico, for instance, to the banalities of the Carraci.

When this stage of development is reached it is inevitable that painters should turn, as it were, from the dead to the living, and should seek in new forms the expression of essential worth. With the fading of the heavenly vision, it therefore came about that an interest and enjoyment in earthly things for their own sake began to take its place, so that from about the sixteenth century onwards we find the subject interest of painting is increasingly centred in allegory, portraiture, landscape and still-life. For some centuries this kind of thing continued

INDIVIDUALIST
Edward Wadsworth. 'Bronze Ballet'
(Second Version) 1940
Exhibited June 1940 at the Lefevre Galleries



to be done in the grand manner in Italy and France, and it was only after the Revolution that the common and more everyday things of life acquired an interest and provided an excitement of their own. In Holland, on the other hand, where a less grandiose spirit had always prevailed, we find that the scenes that engrossed the Dutch Masters are not unlike those that were later to attract the Impressionists, but in approach, in treatment and in spirit the handling is entirely different. For, as may be seen over and over again throughout the whole history of art, changing scenes, changing manners and changing ways of thought produce changing forms in art, though perhaps Gertrude Stein is right when she says that nothing, in fact, changes, except our way of seeing, and that it is its way of seeing that characterises each generation.

But be that as it may, it at once becomes evident that what interests the Impressionists is not the accurate rendering of an object, of its colour and texture, but the realisation of its more vibrant qualities, so that things are no longer looked upon remotely and as if they were static; but are apprehended immediately as intimate factors of an ever-changing scene. Thus, in their choice of subject-matter it is not so much the scenes themselves that count, but the opportunity they afford for the rendering of more elemental qualities. Thus, it is the *wind* in the trees, rather than the trees themselves that are felt to be important; the *vibration* of the sunlight, the *atmosphere* of the café and the law court, the *movement* of the dancers, and the *pose* and *structure* of figures engaged in every kind of occupation. In other words, the concentration of thought and the focus of attention in painting had shifted and things were looked at from a different point of view, but from one which would hardly have been possible before. For it is important to remember that it was Chevreul's researches in colour that contributed more than anything else to the technical resources of the Impressionists. It might even be said that his analysis of the spectrum had a symbolical significance in that it led not only to the breaking up of the shadows, but to the experimental methods that have influenced the whole course of modern development.

For purposes of classification this development may be said, broadly speaking, to show two distinct trends, though there are, of course, many eminent painters whose work, because of its individual character, lies outside the scope of this discussion, painters such as Edward Wadsworth, John Piper, Stanley Spencer and Sickert, to name only a few among British artists.

Of these two main lines of development, one may be said to correspond to a system of analysis and decomposition and the other to a new constructivism.

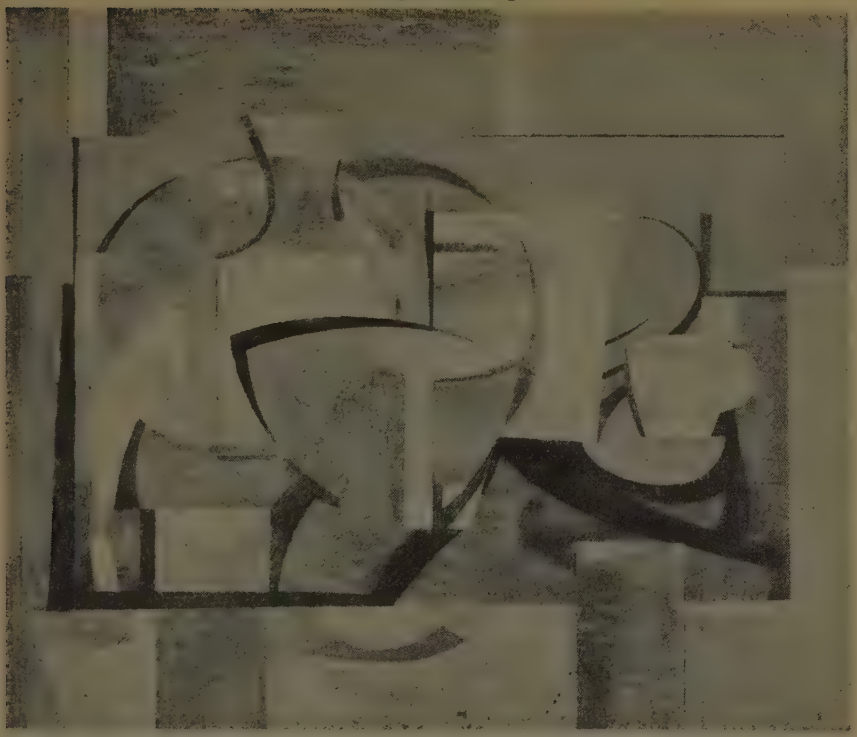
Surrealism, which represents the first, is not, however, a movement that finds expression only in the visual arts, since, constituting as it does an attempt to penetrate the subconscious mind, it lends itself to equal use (and abuse) in literature, as may be seen in the work of such writers as T. S. Eliot, Auden, Ezra Pound and James Joyce; and in an essay on the subject Auden himself shows clearly how extensive an influence Freud has had on present-day writers, and therefore, presumably, on painters as well. In any case both are equally concerned with the process described as 'laying the images' of the subconscious mind, believing, as they do, in the superiority of such images over those of ordinary life, though it is, admittedly, sometimes

a little difficult to see where the superiority comes in. On this account the bias of Surrealism may be said to be mainly psychological, though artistic interests are becoming increasingly involved, despite the fact that they can only be realised under conditions different from those that the majority of people have been taught to expect. For it must be clearly understood that the Surrealists are concerned to provide a release from the fetters of everyday life, with all its accepted associations, and that the world they reveal is more closely related to the incoherent world of dreams than to the visible universe, so that it is useless to expect to find in it an ordered and a rational beauty in no way differing from that of schools derived from a different tradition. That is to say, Surrealism imposes its own conditions of enjoyment which must be accepted before its peculiar qualities can be perceived.

The other line of development, which provides a counter-movement to Surrealism, is directly derived from Post-Impressionism, and can be traced through Cubism to the new Constructivism of to-day, a form of art that finds expression in works which are *composed* in a higher and more abstract sense than ever before.

Now, as far as Cubism is concerned, it may be admitted at once that it is not surprising that it should not be found intelligible by people who have only a superficial acquaintance with the history of art, despite the fact that it presents a

SURREALIST
Paul Nash. 'Landscape from a Dream' 1938
By courtesy of the
Leicester Galleries



CUBIST
Ben Nicholson. 'Still-Life' 1931
Exhibition of British Art,
New York World Fair, 1939

perfectly logical outcome from what had gone before.

It may, therefore, be said shortly that the immediate precursor of Cubism is to be found in the work of the Post-Impressionists, and among them notably in that of Cézanne, who by the reintroduction of an emphasised line, sought to restore a sense of structure to painting that had been lost in the art of the Impressionists. In course of time, however, this question of structure became more and more absorbing, until at last the geometric basis of things came to be regarded as more interesting and more important than the things themselves, so that by a gradual process of elimination their appearance was merged into a visual but abstract harmony of lines and planes intersecting and repeating one another in patterns of endless variety, that are more akin to the involutions and evolutions of certain musical forms than to anything else.

In order to complete this survey, it now remains to show that, just as Cubism

CONSTRUCTIVIST
Barbara Hepworth. 'Pierced Hemisphere'
(marble) 1937.
Wakefield City Art Gallery
(previously George Eumorfopoulos collection)

presents a direct line of descent from the work of Cézanne, so it is the forerunner of the Constructive movement.

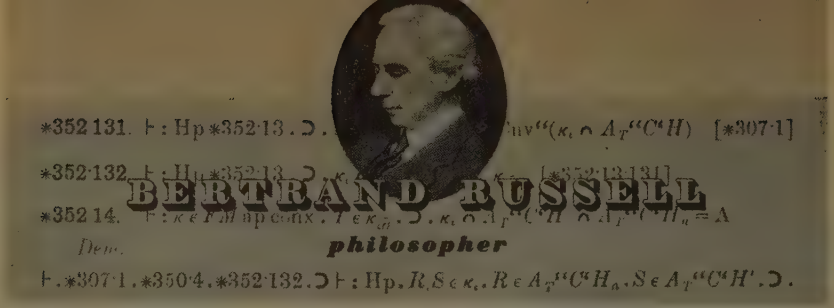
But first of all it is necessary to return for a moment to the question of subject matter. It is arguable that the decorative value of wine bottles and of bread would not generally be rated very high, and that therefore the intrinsic interest of a still-life based on these motifs must lie in something else. In other words it is not its subject-matter or content that is valuable, though the elements of the composition gain a certain intensity by being seen in isolation, it is rather the emotional quality of its apprehension, its treatment, its colour, its construction, in short, its *form* from which it becomes apparent that the objects, as such, are comparatively negligible. So that, by a perfectly natural process, lines and geometric forms are substituted for the bread and bottles, until at last only the essential *constructive* elements of the composition remain. Precisely the same principles apply to sculpture, which is practised with no less distinction than is painting by the members of the Constructivist School.

With this stage we reach a climax of considerable importance. For art, which, when confined to the representational, tended to become increasingly restricted, is to-day liberated in a wholly unexpected way, so that there are perhaps no bounds to its possible achievements. But it must on no account be supposed that the problems of the painter are in any way simplified; on the contrary, they have become so subtle that it is difficult to formulate them and it can only be said that compositions such as these approximate more closely to music and to pure mathematics than to anything else.

In this connexion it is also interesting to notice that to this extent art shows a parallel development with the science of to-day, which is becoming increasingly dependent upon abstruse mathematics for the solution of its problems.

From the range of the movements and the variety of the work thus rapidly surveyed, it will have become apparent that art in the course of its history has followed a line of development that is as exciting as it is inevitable and that its possibilities to-day are as great as they have ever been. So that despite many things which may still be perplexing, that attitude is less common, which was so well characterised by Anthony Bertram in the following dialogue: 'Once upon a time there was a Great Artist called Leonardo da Vinci.' 'Ah, how true.' 'Now there is a Great Artist called Picasso.' 'Oh, indeed! And does he paint like Leonardo da Vinci?' 'He does not.' 'Then how can he be a Great Artist?' For supposing that Picasso painted like Leonardo, he would have contributed nothing to the sum total of artistic achievement; but as it is, he has added something individual, and something peculiar to his age, which could only be expressed at the time and in the manner he has chosen to express it. For, as Ben Nicholson has said, 'Painting and religious experience are the same thing. It is a question of the perpetual motion of a right idea.'

Yet even so there are probably many who would like to stem the tide, for while many things change in this infinitely various world, one thing, it seems, does not change—the attitude of contemporary opinion towards the art of its time, though it is difficult to believe to-day that the work which was, at the time of its first performance, 'held in horror as dangerously immoral,' was none other than Beethoven's Eroica Symphony.



by L. SUSAN STEBBING

The third Earl Russell—he prefers to be known as plain Bertrand Russell—is one of our most distinguished philosophers and mathematicians. In the background to his portrait may be seen some symbols from 'Principia Mathematica', in which profound work he collaborated with Alfred Whitehead

It may be contended that we should speak, not of 'the philosophy', but of 'the philosophies' of Bertrand Russell. The contention has point but it has no sting. In the main Russell has preserved a constant attitude to philosophical problems; there has been variation in the controversies provoking his attack and the fashionable doctrines enlisting his enthusiastic acceptance. His focal shifts of attention have at times led him to reject one exact notion in favour of its exact opposite. The opinion may be ventured that four main influences have determined the trend of his philosophical views: his wholly spontaneous delight in Platonic Ideas, his acceptance of the method and early doctrines of G. E. Moore, his skill in mathematical logic, and his interest in physics. These influences have combined to centre his interest upon problems of knowledge and of language, always from a background of logical interest in deductive systems.

Russell's most recently published book, *An Enquiry into Meaning and Truth*,[1] ends with the statement: 'For my part, I believe that, partly by means of the study of syntax, we can arrive at considerable knowledge concerning the structure of the world.' This is a belief he has long entertained. When he was writing *The Principles of Mathematics* (published 1903) his predilection for Plato led him to hypostatise *verbs* and *substantives;* at this time grammar was his master rather than his guide. Subsequently, another strain in his thinking became dominant; his 'robust sense of reality' led him to reject whatever could be made in any way to seem superfluous. Occam's Razor—'entities are not to be multiplied without necessity'—became his prime methodological principle. The task of wielding the Razor was very acceptable to the mathematical logician. By ingenious logical devices he was able to cut out from "the ultimate furniture of the world", first, material objects generally (e.g. tables, stars, human bodies); then, minds. In their place was put a "neutral stuff"—neither physical nor mental—from which both bodies and minds may be said (in a somewhat Pickwickian

[1] *George Allen and Unwin, London, 1940*

sense) to be "constructed". These tasks were carried out in *The Problem of the External World* (1914) and *The Analysis of Mind* (1921). It is interesting to trace the development of Russell's treatment of the problem of knowledge through his various approaches to it, but space is lacking for this investigation. What must be emphasised is the interaction of Russell's logical methods with his firm conviction that 'What is logically convenient is likely to be artificial' (quoted from *The Analysis of Matter*). Russell's philosophy is firmly anchored to earth and has respect to the prejudices of common sense even in the act of overthrowing them.

'Is there any knowledge in the world which is so certain that no reasonable man could doubt it?' With this question Russell begins his little book, *The Problems of Philosophy* (published 1912), written for the plain man. To this question he returns again and again. He is concerned to convince us that we too easily believe where we should doubt, that what commonly passes for knowledge is cocksure, vague, and self-contradictory. The first step in philosophy is to become aware of these defects; the final step would be taken if we could achieve knowledge that is precise and certain. Advance from the first, to the final, step is difficult and may never be achieved. But it is something to have taken the first step—to see a difficulty in what had been taken to be simple and certain whereas it was really complicated and doubtful. In his latest book Russell returns once more to the problem of empirical knowledge, that is, to the question how, upon the basis of sense-experience, we can know anything at all.

Recently a set of philosophers, usually called logical positivists, have treated problems such as this as problems concerning our use of language. Russell agrees with them that linguistic considerations are of the utmost importance for theory of knowledge; he criticises them for beginning their investigations from the standpoint of a fully developed language and for paying too little attention to the reference of words to what they are used to mean. He maintains that the meaning of a word is an objective, non-verbal fact, which a child discovers just as he discovers the taste of sugar. It is from this that we must start if we seek to answer the two questions: (1) What is meant by "empirical evidence for the truth of a proposition"? (2) What can be inferred from the fact that there sometimes is such evidence? Any answer to these questions presupposes that we can recognise experiences and can use sentences which partially describe these experiences. Russell argues that a number of verbal statements are justified, given a single experience. The first task is to examine the character of such statements. This task involves a detailed discussion of how we learn a language, what we use language for, and how we manage so to use it as to say what is true and to say what is false, whether intentionally, as in lying, or mistakenly through error. It is not possible here to do more than indicate the nature of Russell's treatment of these problems. The reader who is unfamiliar with such inquiries will find that the problems are more difficult than he would have suspected from his skill in the use of language.

It is Russell's contention (in agreement with many of the logical positivists) that there are many languages capable of being arranged in a hierarchical order so constructed that each

one of the languages contains all its predecessors. The lowest order is the 'object-language'; this consists wholly of object-words, i.e. 'words which have been learnt without its being necessary to have previously learnt any other words'. In the object-language words can be used only in ways involving no verbal context. If you use words in a verbal context you are using the secondary language, which immediately succeeds the object-language (i.e. the primary language). This difference may be made clear by a simple example. Suppose, being hungry, you go to the larder in search of food. You may enumerate each item you see before you; you will then be using the object-language. Now suppose you are looking for sugar: you mistakenly take salt for sugar; you taste it and say "not sugar". You are then using the secondary language because what was in your mind was already *the word* "sugar"; this word was not suggested to you by sugar, which indeed you have not got before you. The word "not" is significant only when it is attached to a sentence; a sentence presupposes using a word in a verbal context. It follows that denials are possible only in the secondary, and higher, languages. Hence, the words "true" and "false" do not occur in the primary language. If we say that assertions can be made in the primary language, then we must admit that there are two senses of "assertion", namely, assertion as the antithesis of denial (this does not occur in the primary language) and assertion as expressing the compresence of a word and the object which the word means.

Similar considerations show that "or", "if . . . then", "but", and conjunctions generally, presuppose the existence of a language; they cannot be used apart from a verbal context. The same is true regarding such words as "all", "some", "the"; they are absent from the primary language. These words Russell calls 'logical words'. They may also be called 'propositional words', since they can be used only in propositions, i.e. in verbal contexts. Doubting, denying (and its antithesis, asserting) presuppose, Russell maintains, secondary language; thus, for example, '"or" lives in the world of propositions, and cannot form part of any language in which, as in the primary language, every word is directly related to an object, or to a set of objects, which is its meaning'. From the psychological point of view, "or" may be said to correspond to a state of hesitation. There is nothing in the non-mental world which "or" names. Likewise with the other logical words.

In developing his theory of object-language Russell is concerned to maintain that from a single occurrence something can be learnt. To deny this is 'to make history impossible and memory unintelligible'. He argues that, 'from any occurrence that a man notices, he can obtain knowledge, which, if his linguistic habits are adequate, he can express in sentences'. At the level of the object-languages his sentences consist of single words and denial does not occur. A proposition which is completely believed on the basis of a single experience is called by Russell a 'basic proposition'. Such a proposition 'arises on occasion of a perception, which is the evidence for its truth, and it has a form such that no two propositions having this form can be mutually inconsistent if derived from different percepts'. "I am hot", "that is red", are examples. Basic propositions are

personal; they are confined to the biography of the observer. The statement "there is a dog" is not basic; some element of inference would be involved in justifying the statement. But "I see a canoid patch" might be used to describe what I actually see and is to be taken as basic. Such an experience Russell calls 'perceptive experience'; it has a sensory core and is accompanied by expectations that may be called "beliefs". All our knowledge of matters of fact is causally dependent upon perceptive experience. Such experiences constitute our data. A datum is 'a piece of knowledge that is not deduced'. This is its essential characteristic, namely, that a datum is not inferred; it may not be certain nor even felt as certain. For instance, we know memory is fallible, but we believe many things on the basis of memory alone. Without such beliefs we could not have either science or commonsense knowledge of the world.

The nature of the connection between perceptive experiences and statements about matters of fact is one of the fundamental questions of epistemology. Epistemology is the critical scrutiny of what passes as knowledge. For this purpose we arrange our beliefs in an order proceeding from those that, after scrutiny, appear most credible independently of any argument in their favour. In this task we have to take into account considerations derived from logic, psychology, and the physical sciences. Space is lacking to discuss these here. Russell's main point is that a premiss for epistemology must be *true*. We can never be certain whether a given premiss is true, therefore, whether it is an epistemological premiss. But it is certain some premisses or other are true, even if we do not know which premiss can be certainly assigned to this class. Nevertheless, *truth* is the fundamental concept, and "knowledge" must be defined in terms of "truth", not vice versa. It follows that a proposition may be true even if we have no means of obtaining evidence for or against it. In support of this contention Russell is led into controversy with the logical positivists. Further, he finds himself forced to admit that there are principles of non-demonstrative inference.

It may, perhaps, be regretted that Russell has been content in his latest work to return again to problems he has so long discussed and to discuss them at the same level, with only the difference of engaging new controversialists and using new terminology. He has unrivalled gifts and knowledge for dealing with pressing problems with regard to the credibility of science and its bearing, if any, upon metaphysical problems. His impatience with those who forget the fact that "the purpose of words is to deal with matters other than words" is certainly warranted. It could be wished, however, that he would set himself seriously to examine the rôle of conventions in science and knowledge, and thus to disentangle what is merely linguistic from what is not. The discussion of language is a beginning, but, had Russell saved the space used for controversy or for reasserting what he had said elsewhere, he might have given us some light upon problems that are fruitful and central in the theory of science.

2

THE FIRST OF THEM

FOUR EDITORS

WITH this issue *World Review* begins its second year under the editorship of Edward Hulton, and three ex-editors contribute to it—Philip Gibbs, Wickham Steed and Vernon Bartlett.

World Review is the offspring of *The Review of Reviews*, founded by W. T. Stead in 1890, and *World Review*, founded by Vernon Bartlett. The two journals were amalgamated in 1936 as *World Review of Reviews*. Much of the original purpose and impetus has survived all the changes and chances of half a century.

W. T. Stead, born in 1849, son of a congregational minister, combined the Nonconformist conscience with amazing journalistic acumen and drive. It was he who made the 'interview' a feature of modern journalism. In the early 'eighties' he was Assistant Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, working in uneasy association with John Morley, whose more staid and conventional conception of a newspaper's function kept the fiery lieutenant in perpetual stultification. When eventually, in 1885, he was able to have his fling, he achieved a characteristically daring exploit, which took the form of a series of articles entitled 'Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon'. This was his contribution to the movement in support of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the most important provision of which was the raising of the age of consent from 13 to 16. He set out to expose the iniquity of juvenile prostitution and to demonstrate, by his own experience, the ease with which a child might be procured. This adventure undoubtedly helped the passing of the Bill into law, but it also led to a charge of abduction and—despite the jury's public acknowledgment of his high moral motives—landed him in gaol. It also ended his connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

He was the stormy apostle of many causes, one of which was Spiritualism. On April 15 1912, he went down with the *Titanic*.

Here is an extract from his Foreword to the first issue of *The Review of Reviews*:

'Of the making of magazines there is no end. There are already more periodicals than any one can find time to read. That is why I have to-day added another to the list. For the newcomer is not a rival, but rather an index and a guide to all those already in existence. In the mighty maze of modern periodical literature, the busy man wanders confused, not knowing exactly where to find the precise article that he requires, and often, after losing all his scanty time in the search, he departs unsatisfied. It is the object of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS to supply a clue to that maze in the shape of a readable compendium of all the best articles in the magazines and reviews.

'Culture, according to Matthew Arnold, consists of knowing the best thoughts of the best men upon the subjects that come before us. The aim of this magazine will be to make the best thoughts of the best writers in our periodicals universally accessible. . . . Without pretending to be a colourless mirror, in which may be seen, in miniature, a perfect reflection of the periodical literature of the month, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will honestly endeavour, without fear or favour, without political prejudice or religious intolerance, to represent the best that is said on all sides of all questions in the magazines and reviews of the current month.

Four additional features were incorporated: Stead's survey of world affairs—called *The Progress of the World;* Book Reviews; a condensed novel 'with its salient features and best scenes intact'; and a Character Sketch of some

man or woman who had 'figured conspicuously before the world' in the previous month.

Sir Philip Gibbs edited *The Review of Reviews* from 1921 to 1922. Before concentrating his energies on literature he had been in the front rank of modern newspaper correspondents. As a war correspondent from 1914 to 1918 he was the most tireless and conspicuously successful of *war correspondents*. In his first editorial, entitled *The Hope of Europe*, he wrote:

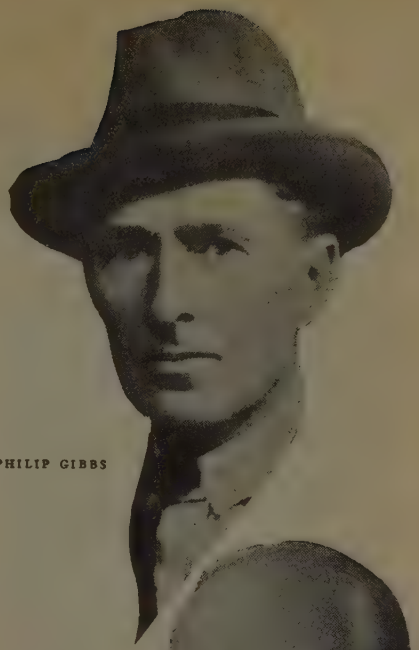
'The world waits for the coming of youth—the new men with the new ideas born out of the convulsions of war. It waits for its new leaders. At the present time they have not come forward. There is no sign from them. But surely below the surface of the old order of things, the new spirit is quickening and will produce its men. If not, then, again, we are doomed. Perhaps they will not appear in the year that is coming, not before more tragic happenings have scared us, but nothing, in my belief, can check the triumphant assertion of a new leadership which will presently take up the control in all European nations, and beyond national boundaries. For that is the only hope of Europe, and there are many who know it.'

Henry Wickham Steed was proprietor and editor of *The Review of Reviews* from 1923 to 1930. Among other gifts that he brought to the editorial chair were the unrivalled experiences he had gained in his association with *The Times*, first as correspondent in European cities, then as Foreign Editor, finally—from 1919 to 1922— as Editor.

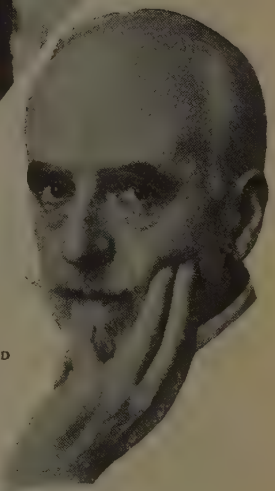
'In Stead's example,' he wrote in the first number to appear under his own control, 'British journalists will long find inspiration; and however widely and however often those who now conduct his *Review of Reviews* may find it necessary to depart from some of his minor traditions, they will seek faithfully to observe his major tradition—that of straightforward zeal in the public service.'

Vernon Bartlett, Independent Progressive M.P. for the Bridgwater Division of Somerset, has always been interested in foreign affairs, and has travelled widely in pursuit of that interest. His broadcast talks for the B.B.C. made him known to millions.

When his *World Review* became *World Review of Reviews*, in March, 1936, he announced that the ultimate object of the new journal was 'to perform a useful and progressive service by allowing the nations to speak for themselves'.



PHILIP GIBBS

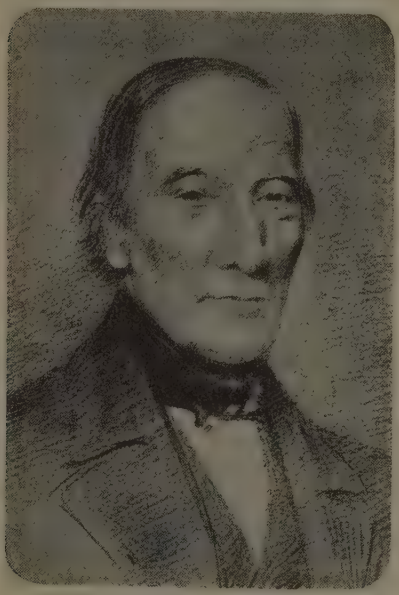


WICKHAM STEED

VERNON BARTLETT

The Libertarians

by JUAN LÓPEZ



ROBERT OWEN

Founder of English Socialism Impulse, revolutionary; political ideas, Liberal and Libertarian

'In reading Trotsky's account of the Russian Revolution', says Bernard Russell, 'it is difficult to believe that Lenin made no difference, but it was touch and go whether the German Government allowed him to get to Russia. If the Minister concerned had happened to be suffering from dyspepsia on a certain morning, he might have said "no" when in fact he said "yes", and I do not think it can be rationally maintained that without Lenin the Russian Revolution would have achieved what it did.'

Russell maintains that in the great historical movements economic causes are not the only influence, as Marxism affirms. Sometimes trivial and haphazard facts contribute to the triumph of given forces. But, in this case, there is a great disproportion between cause and effect. It is pleasant to think that the dyspepsia of a German Minister could have freed us, not from the Russian Revolution, since it was caused by more complex and deeper factors, but from the dictatorship of Leninism.

With or without dyspepsia, Lenin would have travelled secretly through Germany, as he did with the permission of the German Government in 1917. The Marxist leader, exiled in Switzerland, crossed Germany and reached Russia. On the Bolshevik side the Russian Revolution meant a pact which was important to the Germans from the military point of view and to the Russian Marxists from the political angle. This pact found its expression in the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which was framed by Lenin and the German Government and as the result of which Russia fell out of the war and the gates of the Ukraine were opened to the Germans.

Even so, the Russian Revolution was not yet triumphant and Lenin would not have been able to direct it without yet another great social and historical fact: the Machnovist movement in the Ukraine, an anarchist and popular rising, which thwarted the invasion of Russia by the armies of Denikin and

Wrangel. So that the revolution, Socialist and Democratic at the outset, was saved, but it ceased to be so when Lenin curtailed the liberty of the people and brutally destroyed the Machnovist movement.

What might have been a triumph for the people and for a Socialist regime based on liberty became the dictatorship of one party; a fact that has an immediate bearing on the conflict which, since the end of the nineteenth century, has split the working class.

THE TWO LEADERS

This conflict, both practical and theoretical, covers the whole history of the workers' movement. Marx and Bakunin personified it and all the workers of the world have followed either the one or the other of these two leaders. Until 1917 the controversy was, up to a point, theoretical, since there was no opportunity to put either of these conceptions of Socialism to the test of experience. But in 1917 the dictatorship of Lenin provided an opportunity for applying the Marxist doctrine, and this fact gave Marxism a certain numerical advantage over Anarchism, particularly in Europe.

In 1920, 24,616,000 workers, drawn from fourteen nations, were affiliated to the International Marxist Movement. With the rise to power of Mussolini the whole of the European workers, with the exception of those of Spain, fell under the control of Marxism.

Twenty-three years of Russo-Marxist dictatorship, together with the failure of the peace policy during this time, show the failure of Marxism in its two branches: the Communist and the Social-Democratic. From the point of view of true Socialism, Totalitarian Communism entirely lost its meaning. As to Social-Democracy, a deviation from Socialism, it fell with the predominant form of Democracy in this period and demands a fundamental restating of its position. The future of the Workers' Movement is compatible neither with the dictatorship of Communism nor with its lifeless rival, Social-Democracy.

Communism is a bureaucracy both Russian and nationalist and follows a path contrary to Socialism, since Democracy means nothing to it, neither in its Capitalist nor in its Labour form, and since it demands that a stereotyped world should submit to Stalin. Social-Democracy, on the other hand, numerically the most powerful Labour movement in the world, became the main supporter of the peace policy of Versailles and the League of Nations.

INTO THE ABYSS

During the lifetime of this policy were born and grew to strength Fascism and National Socialism and unemployment rose at terrifying speed. Totalitarianism and war found a favourable breeding ground in these conditions, and the world was pushed into the abyss.

In neither of its two currents does Marxism, on balance, present a favourable account. Constructive in its intentions, it degenerates into a dictatorship, and it is no more capable than Liberal Democracy of solving the problems of the time with its worn-out form of government. Neither Society nor Men accept the fatalism implied in the Marxist conception of the State, which carries with it the absorption by the State of all free initiative. Twenty-three years of dictatorship, the terrifying picture of a war stirred up by Totalitarian savagery, well deserve that the bases of a new political order should be examined. Is there in the Labour Movement the hope of a more rational path which

LENIN: *Founder of Red Russia. His dictatorship provided an opportunity for putting the Marxist doctrines into practice. The poster in the background proclaims Marx as the inspirer of the International*

would enable us to find a solution to this crisis? The facts of the Spanish Labour Movement give us solid and rational ground for hope.

Has Marxist Socialism failed? Is Socialism compatible with Democracy? On the whole, the importance of these two problems is Anglo-Spanish; for many reasons, two of which we can note in passing. Spanish, because the Labour Movement in Spain may well point the way to a change in the tactics

of the international movement which may adapt it to the Democratic order of the New Europe. English, because the triumph of Democracy will enable British Labour to solve the contradictions which we have noted in the International Labour Movement, thus giving new value to that form of Socialism which the Spanish Libertarian or Syndicalist Movement upholds.

There can be no question of modelling the Spanish on the English, or, vice versa, a 'unitarian' folly quite incompatible with the liberty and individualism of both nations. The Spanish Libertarian is Liberal to the core. There is a certain parallelism, a certain similarity both of tendency and origin in the Spanish and in the British movements. The thought of Robert Owen, the founder of English Socialism, is, in its essence, the best expression of Spanish Libertarian Socialism, and it is to that way of thinking that it has remained loyal for more than seventy years.

BAKUNIN

The Spanish Syndicalist Movement affirms that the failure of Marxism does not imply that of Socialism, and that Socialism is compatible with no dictatorship, either of class or of party. Furthermore, that Socialism is not only compatible with Democracy, but that it *is* Democracy, in its widest and most perfect form. These statements can be proved by the history and ideas of the Spanish Syndicalist Movement.

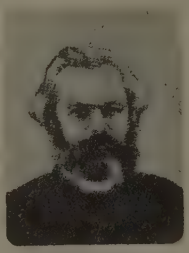
Socialism, in its purest form, took root and was preserved in Spain more than in other countries, perhaps because, at bottom, it depends less on a theoretical and intellectual education than on the independent nature and deep-rooted individualism of the Spanish character. Hence its affinity with Robert Owen's views. Owen's socialism, deeply humane and liberal, fits in with the feeling of Spanish workers. His impulse is revolutionary; his political ideas, Liberal and Libertarian. He always considered the problem of revolution as an immediate and absolute objective. So it is not strange that in the course of seventy years the Spanish Libertarian Movement should have advocated and fought for a social revolution as for something immediate.

In the same way, Robert Owen always believed that social reforms could be carried out in England within a very few years. Replying to a letter which he had received from the Operative Builders' Union, he said: 'You may accomplish this change (to the new age of co-operation) for the whole population of the British Empire in less than five years, and essentially ameliorate the condition of the producing classes throughout Great Britain and Ireland in less than five months.' All the documents regarding the Spanish movement which have come to my knowledge, from the Spanish Section of the First International in 1870 up to 1936, refer to social changes as to an imminent fact.

Nevertheless social changes are not carried out with the speed imagined by Owen and the Spanish Libertarian Syndicalists. But this fact, revealing an idealistic and passionate temperament, has played a part that has been decisive in many aspects of the political progress of the Spanish people, and clearly

explains why Spain continued to extend the Socialist spirit of the first years of the International.

The assertion that the Libertarian Syndicalist Movement is a purely negative quantity, backed by twisted propaganda and Marxist intrigues, is proved false by its origin and history. The Spanish Libertarian Movement defined its political position in the 1870 Congress at Valencia as follows: 'Taking into consideration that the true meaning of the word *Republic*, in Latin *res publica*, means a matter of public concern, which appertains to *the collectivity* or to the wealth of the community; that *Democracy* means the free exercise of individual rights which can only exist when political States have been abolished and replaced by States the functions of which would be purely economic; and that the Rights of Men are subject to no discussion, but are absolute and inalienable, it may be deduced that the Federation must be purely and exclusively economic . . . the Congress declares that the true Federal and Democratic Republic is centred in the public wealth, in the economic federation: that is to say in the free federation of free agricultural and industrial trade-unions.'



KARL MARX

This declaration has kept its full value after seventy-one years and has not been changed in any essential point by any official or public act of the Spanish Syndicalist Movement.

The movement needed an opportunity to try out the practical value of its conceptions. The Spanish Civil War, which became a Social Revolution, afforded such an opportunity, at least in part. That its features are none too clear is due to various causes. Firstly, because circumstances did not allow it to develop fully. Secondly, because it was partly a defensive action fought against Fascism and foreign invasion and, therefore, a war of independence.

In any case, the policy of the Libertarian Movement in Spain during the Civil War stands out as an expression of Democracy faced with the negative experiment of Marxism. It proved that it is possible to evolve towards Socialism without having to pass through any dictatorial phase at all, and that the economic aims of society can be fully realised by allowing freedom of initiative to individuals and producing entities. In the case of Socialist Economy the individual is the private citizen, the entity is the Union. And it was conclusively proved that the Trade Unions are the most important political force in Spain.

From the point of view of opposition to Fascism, Spain showed the world the practical way of overcoming it. We are not concerned with the causes that prevented Spanish Democracy in arms from achieving success. But the spectacle of its thirty-three months' resistance is an example to other nations and gave Democracy in the west time to prepare to defend itself.

As Lenin in 1917, so in 1940 another person travelled secretly through Germany with the consent of the German Government—Maurice Thorez, the French Communist leader. Lenin went from Switzerland, where he was a refugee, to Russia. Thorez followed the opposite route; from Russia, where he was a refugee, to France. He attended

a conference of the French Communist Party in Nice, and spoke of the 'fight against the English and French plutocratic Imperialisms', of Franco-German friendship and of 'the hour of Revolution'.

VICTORY HAS ITS DANGERS

One cannot over-estimate the importance of this fact. It presents a realistic picture of the dangers of the day after the victory, since the menace of the Communist Party is no less immediate than that of Nazism. Russian Communism contributed to the genesis of the war. Its policy tends to create conditions that will allow it to rule over Europe, indeed over the world, even in the case of a British victory. When she sees everything is lost Germany will again unleash a revolution, as she did in 1917. And the danger can be clearly seen in the history of the post-war. It may well be suicidal to hold the illusion of an abstract formula of pre-war Democracy. But Humanity, thinking of a life of peace and work, has the right to demand that the peace shall be true, firm, lasting and just.

There are two main problems—the restoration of the rights and independence of the invaded nations and the solution of the conflict between Capitalism and Socialism. The second problem is the main one. Without its solution peace will be an illusion and the victory of Democracy a trophy of fancy. The decisive factor towards a solution of the problem must be a totally new direction of the International Workers' Movement.

THE ONLY SOLUTION

Marxism failed when it became the main foundation for Totalitarianism, as did a theoretical and extreme form of Anarchism. The only solution remains in the original form of Socialism preserved by the Spanish Syndicalist Movement, which is in part an adaptation of the ideas of Robert Owen to the reality of present-day problems. Conceived on these lines, Democracy will cease to be limited to a class; will embody in all their depths the eternal principles of Liberty.

Such is the only conception that can give meaning and efficiency to the new order of Democracy in Europe and, above all, provide us with the weapons wherewith to fight the Totalitarian danger which threatens from Soviet Russia. If the mass of workers in Europe can be won over to the cause of a Democracy that is really adaptable to our time, Russia will not find in it the instrument with which she hopes to unleash 'her Revolution' and impose dictatorship upon us. Victory will then have the appeal and effectiveness that Great Britain's titanic effort to defeat Totalitarianism deserves. In these circumstances great military forces will not be required to assure order, peace and work, since the best guarantee of order will be found in free men and free nations.

Wanted—New Men for National Planning

In the Government's acceptance of the principle of 'Planning' as a national policy lies both the urgent need for 'New Men' and their greatest opportunity.

For National Planning is a startling innovation in this country, so long the stronghold of individualism and *laisser-faire*, and in consequence we have no experienced men to call upon to undertake the vast scheme that is entailed. There are experts in all the many fields of planning—sociologists, political scientists, economists, geologists, farmers, town planners, architects, engineers, and so on; but where are we to find men of courage, imagination and energy who will co-ordinate the knowledge of the experts and direct their activities?

Are they to be found among the staffs of Government Departments? But the Civil Service discourages initiative and imagination, requiring a precedent for every action.

Where, then, are we to find the 'New Men'?

For some years now, groups such as the Engineers Study Group, P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning), Association of Architects, Surveyors and Technical Assistants, Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, have been studying the very problems with which the country is now faced. And there is the School of Planning and Research for National Development, now incorporated with the Association for Planning and Regional Reconstruction. It is from these sources that the country could draw men who have already been trained in varying degree for the tasks that lie ahead. They are not mere opportunists, war-time converts; they have proved their belief in the wisdom of a planning policy by their adherence to it in peacetime, when they were regarded as 'reds', cranks or reformists, men to be tolerated but not heeded.

They combine aptitude with ability, but they lack experience. And as there has been no opportunity to gain experience in this country, we should pocket our pride and learn from those nations that lead the way in social and territorial planning: the Scandinavians and the Americans.

It would obviously be absurd at the present moment to suggest studying social planning in Scandinavia where, indeed, much good work is probably being rapidly undone by the enemy, but valuable assistance could be obtained from their representatives now in England.

The American continent is far ahead of Britain in the technique of building and planning; for confirmation ask any American or Canadian who is serving here, what is his opinion of the heating and equipment of our houses and hotels, or of the absence of our national park system.

The Americans, when organising their civil defence services, realised at once that they lacked the experience of actual war conditions. What did they do? They sent representatives to this country to study our services in action and to learn from the experience we have gained under fire. What America has done as a defence measure we should do to prepare for the peace, for there is much we could learn from her about the technique of planning and building that would be invaluable in our post-war reconstruction.

We should now select a group of men, young enough to be receptive to new ideas and with many years of service before them, and send them as soon as possible to America to study the methods and achievements of such projects as the Tennessee Valley Authority, the United States Re-Settlement Administration, and the Green Belt Towns. The Government should first confide in them the broad outlines of the policy of Reconstruction in order to give direction and emphasis to their research. On their return they would form the nucleus of a trained planning administration.

The presence of such a group in the U.S.A. would, I believe, stimulate pro-allied opinion everywhere, affording, as it would, tangible evidence of our Government's honest desire to create a better Britain as part of a better post-war world.

Let us, then, have New Men with New Ideas for this great new job.

A. M. LACEY

BEAU BRUMMELL

A BOOK OF YESTERDAY

Sartor Resartus

reviewed by JAMES LAVER

Clothes are not the clothes of the body but of the mind—and Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus' has formulated the philosophy of our raiment for his time and for all times

It is probably true to say that of all the great names of English literature, none is to-day so little read as Carlyle. Even our own 'Left-wingers' have little use for this 'Radical' who was one of the earliest to trumpet forth the limitations of Utilitarianism and the evils of *Laisser-faire*. Literature itself has flowed into less apocalyptic channels and the once-famous style—the Carlylese which alternately shocked and delighted his contemporaries—has shrunk to a mere personal idiosyncrasy. It is something of a shock to be brought in contact with it again. There is no placid river on which we may float to some foreseen destination; but a raging torrent, full of whirlpools and cross-currents, now foaming between narrow banks, now hurling itself over some Niagara-precipice where spray obscures the vision and the hardy traveller, like the man in the barrel, is carried over the edge in a posture at once ridiculous and sublime. How many readers has *Sartor Resartus* to-day, I wonder? Very few!

Yet it remains a great work. In spite of everything; in spite of the sometimes barbarous and often rebarbative language; in spite of Teufelsdröckh himself—that maddening figure behind whose placid mask Carlyle alternately conceals and reveals himself; in spite of the fantastic device of the Paper Bags, which explain but do not excuse the chaotic arrangement, it leads the mind onwards, and just as we are about to throw the book aside in disgust at some twist, of elephantine pleasantry, it surprises us with a passage in which profundity of thought and beauty of language are wedded together in perfect harmony.

Teufelsdröckh, Professor of Things-in-General, has evolved a Philosophy of Clothes which, he contends, is, rightly understood, the key to the Universe. He has even written a vast Germanic tome on the subject, of which we are given the quite imaginary title: *Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken* (Clothes, their Origin and Influence): *von Diog. Teufelsdröckh, J.U.D., etc. Stillschweigen und Co^mie. Weissnichtwo*, 1831. But of the contents of the work we are given no more than occasional glimpses, and it is soon clear that such fantasies as a naked House of Lords are no more than a jumping-off place for meditations on the Nature of Man and his place in the Universe. Even the chapter on Dandyism contains no analysis of an interesting phenomenon to the explanation of which writers like Baudelaire were later to bring so penetrating an intelligence,

With bells on his fingers: fifteenth-century France saw the fop at his zenith. Some of his æsthetic eccentricities found their way to England, to the disgust of the native 'hearties'

but is merely an attempt to emphasise the scandalous difference between the luxury of a Brummell and the poverty of an Irish peasant.

The truth is that Carlyle was not interested in clothes *as such*. Indeed he despised them, and was once extremely rude to Browning because the poet came to see him in Chelsea wearing an extremely well-cut riding coat of purple hue. 'No one but a fule would wear a purple coat.'

Sartor Resartus was something which Carlyle had to get off his chest. It was nothing less than his personal confession, although he was too shy and morbidly sensitive a man to make the confession in his own person. Hence the transparent simplification of Teufelsdröckh. But the comic-mystic's *Dark Night of the Soul* was Carlyle's own, and the salvation which came to the German professor in the *Rue de l'Enfer* really happened to the hungry, dyspeptic, fire-consumed Scot in Leith Walk in 1821, while he was reading law in Edinburgh. The whole book has the burning passion of a personal experience; it is a *cri de cœur* from a soul almost overwhelmed by the tempest, and we must not expect from it any orderly or logical exposition of a Philosophy of Clothes.

Such a subject still awaits its Teufelsdröckh, but were such a one to set about the task to-day he would find many more materials to his hand than would have been available to either German *savant* or Scottish philosopher in the early part of the nineteenth century. To history and politics he would have to add psychology and anthropology. But—be it said in Carlyle's justification—if he were to be anything more than a mere commentator or annalist, he would come inevitably to the same major conclusion: that *Clothes are Spiritual Things*.

The sceptical, superficial view is still that clothes are more or less accidental. Some woman of the court or the town puts a bow of ribbon in her hat at some particular angle, and immediately all her foolish sisters follow suit. Or else (with suave sinister implication) a few commercially minded men go into conference in Paris and decide, without appeal, what next year's fashion will be.

It is only necessary to look back a little in time to see how erroneous such offhand or cynical conclusions are. When we contemplate any past epoch in its entirety we must realise that the clothes in which it clothed itself could have been this and not otherwise. Even the most trifling accessories of costume are *not interchangeable*. Can Madame de Pompadour exchange her painted fan for Queen Victoria's jointed parasol? Can Charles II wear a top hat or Prince Albert lace around the knees? Clothes are *inevitable*. They are nothing less than the furniture of the mind made visible, the very mirror of an epoch's soul.

The decorative unity of an age is manifest even in the most apparently insignificant details. The shape of a

In the first plate of his 'Rake's Progress' Hogarth showed that tailors' bills may strew the road to ruin

'Gothic' shoe is the shape of a Gothic arch; the flattened, Tudor arch is the very form of Catherine of Aragon's head-dress; Elizabethan tables have legs which are fashioned to the exact replica of slashed trunk hose; the steel structure of the Crystal Palace and the steel frame of a contemporary crinoline differ only in size. What can all this mean except that the Time-Spirit (the *Zeitgeist* so dear to Carlyle's German mentors) is a reality, and imposes the print of his vast thumb on everything he touches. How Teufelsdröckh would have revelled in such a notion! What a pity that, in his grasp of universal knowledge, he failed to examine clothes with any closeness of attention!

How he would have delighted also (since he loved to use a pun as a kind of philosophic counter) in the discovery that men's clothes and women's clothes follow entirely different lines of development, and that the former are nothing but a *cul de sac*. For while women dress as women—i.e. seductively—men (as Carlyle pointed out) dress to proclaim their social status or profession, and this in spite of the fact that their clothes are so modest and inconspicuous. The riding-coat, cut away so as to give room for the knees, has become 'full evening dress', and when a man wears such a swallow tail he is really saying 'I am an English country gentleman with (naturally) a liking for horses'. Whatever dress men choose to adopt grows gradually tighter and 'smarter' until it ends as formal attire. Then, when he has abandoned it, or played with the idea of doing so, his servants take it up. The servants of the Prince Regent wore the embroidered coats, white stockings and powdered hair which had been worn by gentlemen in the age of George III. The modern waiter will preserve the tail-coat, no doubt, long after the diner has ceased to wear it. In this sense, as in the more ordinary one, servants wear the discarded clothes of their masters. What

pregnant matter here for the Prophet of *Sartor Resartus!*

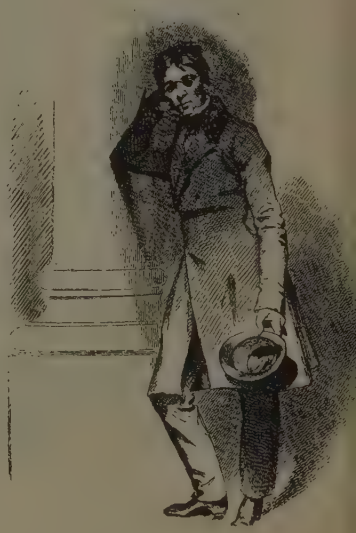
With what profundity of vision and throbbing energy of phrase he would have tackled the whole obscure problem of the *fossilisation* of clothes! Why judges should change no more after 1720, lest they should lose their full-bottomed wigs, but barristers go on to 1780, and stop there; why huntsmen should be seized with arrested development in 1820 and are still going strong to-day, like Johnny Walker, and in precisely the same costume; why Eton boys should still be in mourning for George III; why bishops still wear gaiters and Lord Mayors furred gowns and chains—all these matters would have been grist for that mighty mill, which went on grinding with so much rumbling of machinery the fine flour of Godlike contemplation.

One can only wonder what he would have made of women's clothes. Would he have dismissed them as so many frivolities, or used them as a text for a prose '*Song of the Shirt*' as moving as Hood's and even more indignant? Frivolities they certainly are not, since it is on women's dress that the Time-Spirit makes his mark most clearly. These, he cries, are my dreams, and all must conform to them—or go to live in another period of time. What would he have made of the modern psychological theory of the *Shifting Erogenous Zone* which declares that women's object is to be perpetually exposing a new bit of themselves and covering it up again when it has become too common to excite remark or incite desire?

On some such lines as these would a Modern Philosophy of Clothes have to be established, but such a Philosophy would find nothing to quarrel with in the fundamental idea of *Sartor Resartus*. For that fundamental idea can be briefly stated, and it needs to be stated now as much as it did in the heyday of Bentham. Man is not a unit in a statistical table, he is not only a consumer or a producer. Man is a Spirit.

'Fantastic tricks enough man has played, in his time; has fancied himself to be most things, down even to an animated heap of Glass: but to fancy himself a dead Iron-Balance for weighing Pains and Pleasures on, was reserved for this his latter era.'

Clothes are not the clothes of the body, but of the mind; indeed the body itself is but a suit of clothing, to be discarded, like an old suit when its need is past. Yea, the Universe itself, with Time and Space for its warp and woof, is nothing but a garment which makes the Invisible visible. To this transcendentalism did the Philosophy of Clothes lead, as it must lead all who pursue it to the end. Carlyle was no false prophet and Teufelsdröckh was no fool.



The author as a young man

BOOKS OF TO-DAY

Out of the Night

Jan Valtin's 'Out of the Night' (Heinemann, 15s.) is sweeping America and England as the most exciting real life thriller of the year. But Otto Zarek, the eminent German writer, who reviews it here, says that it also shows the Faustian duality of the German soul in which music and murder mingle easily. Jan Valtin, however, discovered that love only could rule the world and the only ideal to serve was Humanity.

THIS is an outstanding book. Written by one of the huge army of German refugees, it differs from other autobiographical stories as it describes a part of pre-Hitler life in Germany almost neglected: the underground Communist movement, the Communists' fight against Hitler and their international connections. This description —without pretending to be 'literary' in the artistic sense—is always fresh, alive, plastic, and very exciting. The subject itself makes it read like a thriller—one of the most gripping thrillers you ever came across. Once you start to become acquainted with this man who hides himself under the pen-name of Jan Valtin, you are kept under his spell, and forced to follow his odd and dangerous peregrination through life. He will lead you into a sphere unknown to the average man, and you will see a world for which the name '*Hell*' is still somewhat of an understatement. This world, this '*Hell*', did it really exist? Is it possible that it existed? In our days? Jan Valtin's convincing style and the facts he calmly reports make the most sceptical reader believe in the truth of what he says. There *has* been a Communist Hell in Germany as well as a Nazi Hell, and the partisans of the two creeds have been fighting each other relentlessly—fighting with all conceivable weapons, from intrigue, treachery and persecution to outwitting, betrayal, foul murder and inhuman torture. And they were all Germans —that is one of the most important lessons this book offers us.

What was the real position in Germany at the time when young Jan was born? You cannot blame him for having had a very one-sided view of life. One of the many children of a sailor who had settled in Italy, he came to Germany as a stranger, after Italy joined the Allies in the World War. Soon he experienced the typical German class-distinction that made working people feel themselves 'citizens of the second class'. Although his father was a faithful member of the Social-Democratic Party, Jan adopted more radical views. Youth *is* radical, especially German youth. They are longing for 'ideals', and only too pleased if they find one for which they can fight and even die. Communism, promising the 'citizens of the second class' a new heaven on earth, was the right ideal. Not for every young proletarian, though: Jan's own brother turned Nazi, became an officer in Goering's Luftwaffe and was killed—not 'in action', but murdered by his brother's own Communist comrades. Idealists of German extraction like to murder and face the fate to be murdered as well. But they like the role of victim a good deal less than that of the assassin. If they can, they do everything to escape it. So did Jan.

What is this 'idealism' of a young German like? Jan Valtin reveals it in his truthful story, in which he never spares himself. We know it, but still we are thrilled by this new confirmation: 'Idealism' means to sell one's soul to an 'idea' which, of course, is represented by a handful of 'leaders'. It is the typical German pact which Faust signed with Mephistopheles. The Devil—just as in the Old German puppet-play—knows how to take care of his followers. Later on he demands their lives. Such a relationship was only too common in pre-war Germany.

His particular Devil approached young Jan in the days of the Red Sailors' Revolt in 1918. Jan lived in Hamburg, and this town became the scene of the bloody fight between 'Red Sailors', and the Police. The German fleet did not sail on the Kaiser's order; on November 7th, 1918, it started what the German Left-Wing men called the 'German Revolution'. It began with bloodshed and ended in bloodshed. Jan Valtin's life-story is the typical story of someone who felt himself bound to take an active part in this fight. Which side it was—we learn from his book—did not matter very much. In 1918, however, Nazism was not yet in existence; young Jan's ambitions could only find one outlet. He had not the choice open to his brother who, later on, became an ardent Nazi.

The greatest impression those revolutionary days

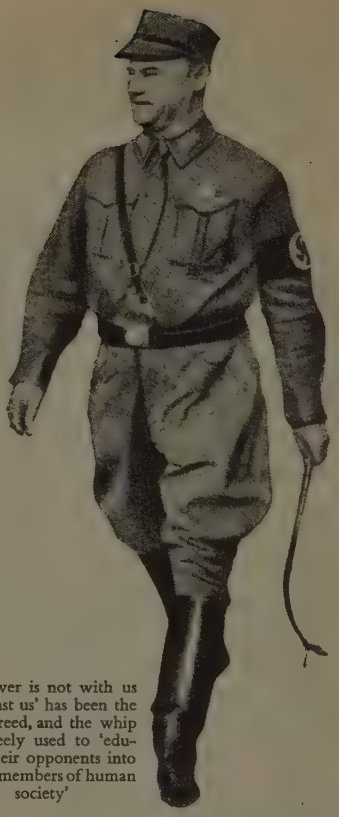
made on him was the murder of an officer, which he witnessed. 'I marvelled how easily a man could be killed.' It is easy, indeed, to get rid of someone who has the misfortune to disagree with you. That officer of the Kaiser's Army had a different 'ideal'—a sufficient reason to wipe him out. The technique of killing, however, was rather primitive in those days of revolt. Jan had to learn on joining the Communist Secret Service that it is inept work to shoot one's adversary. He was taught: 'If you shoot a man and only wound him, what then? He'll go to the hospital and tell the police all about it. Besides, shooting makes noise. . . . The safest way is to make him unconscious by blows on the head, then cut his veins with a razor. If you do that, you're sure he'll be dead.'

The man who taught Jan this 'scientific' method of how to kill a man was Heinz Neumann, later the notorious Communist agitator and bloodhound, whose efficiency as a G.P.U.-man and especially as the behind-the-scenes leader of Red China did not save him from facing a firing squad in Moscow.

The 'born leaders' who discovered young Jan as the useful instrument of Communist activities were Max Hoelz, Ernst Wollweber Heinz Neumann. They directed his first steps as a would-be Secret Agent. Jan had to go a long and dangerous way before the hidden authorities of the G.P.U., who were watching every movement of their future agents, trusted him, and gave him tasks of major importance. One has to start with fighting on the barricades—if there are any—and Jan was 'lucky' enough to find barricades in the Hamburg revolt of October 1923. The barricades were overrun and destroyed, but not Jan's idealism and optimism. He entered the second stage of his career: the 'Red Vagabondage', as he, somewhat sardonically, calls it.

This 'Red Vagabondage' led him all over the world. It was indeed—as he puts it—a clandestine, but vigorous fight 'from Shanghai to San Quentin'.

Jan Valtin, the author, knows how to disclose the secrets of the immense apparatus which the G.P.U. has built up. You will learn how its agents manage to recognise each other; what their methods are in spying out whether this or that 'comrade' is still a faithful adherent of Communism. And woe to those who are not! Or who —sometimes only in the opinion of the mighty ones—are slipping from the 'right path' which, of course, only one man can fix: Stalin. Blindness, intellectual blindness, is the best recommendation for an ambitious agent of the G.P.U.—blindness



'Whoever is not with us is against us' has been the Nazi creed, and the whip was freely used to 'educate' their opponents into 'useful members of human society'

combined with ruthlessness, rigidity, slyness, intrepidity. Jan was one of those Moscow selected for great deeds. During his 'Red Vagabondage' he acquired a wide knowledge of how the working-class man was living, and he gives, *en passant*, plastic pictures, though the reader does well to remember that he went around spying for the bad, looking for trouble, and deliberately neglecting anything good and enjoyable. Love? For a long time it did not mean anything to this odd traveller. Those women he was meeting in Party circles did not know what love was; they longed only for sexual experience, straying from the bed of one illustrious, or local, leader, to that of another, but always pleased to ask a young and robust newcomer to sleep with them. But Jan met Firelei—a girl not less strong in Communist conviction than he himself, and, amazingly

enough, a tender and moving love-affair began between the two. In the end he married her.

Life as a G.P.U.-man, in the service of the 'Comintern', brought Jan many adventures, but danger arose only when Hitler came to power. In those years preceding the Nazi destruction of the German Republic, the underground fight between Communists and Nazis was commonly regarded by the optimistic German bourgeois as a family quarrel, a fight between brothers in which a respectable citizen should not be interested at all.

But they killed each other, Nazis and Communists—they did! They killed under command. A partisan of either of these two parties might sit in a club, or dally with a girl—but always he must expect the sudden call to resume 'duty', as that of which Jan tells: 'Break up the first seamen's meeting called by Heines (a Nazi), and shoot down every Brownshirt on sight.' And calmly he adds: 'The first part of this order I carried out, but I rejected Heinz Neumann's proposal of mass murder . . . Neumann was furious about my squeamishness.'

Hard to say whether the author, now established somewhere in the U.S.A., gives the full truth, or tries to whitewash a little his own part. Even so, he confesses enough to make him a hundred times guilty. Nor is it after all important whether he has done what he was ordered to do, but only *why* he obeyed the orders. How far can this go—we ask—that blind obedience to orders? When will the turning point come? When will conscience awake and say 'No' to the more and more bloodthirsty demands on him?

The old adage that 'revolution eats its own children' became true again. Jan himself experienced the attack from both sides: the Gestapo was hunting him as one of their most efficient secret enemies; and those whom he served so efficiently, turned against him because he was *too* successful. The Gestapo 'got in' first. When, after the Reichstag fire, Valtin fled Germany, his superiors sent him back with secret orders, and one day he was arrested. An inferno followed. It is difficult to say what was more cruel, the time when he was still in the hands of the Gestapo to be tortured until he would confess what they wanted to know, or after his trial, the period of his sufferings in Concentration Camps. This is a first-hand picture of German 'Justice', and, though it plays havoc with the readers' nerves, it deserves to be read carefully—as a warning to anybody dreaming of appeasement or a negotiated peace.

Under the cruelties he suffered for years, Jan broke down. Who wouldn't? He decided to fool the devil: to offer himself to the Gestapo. It is a somewhat weak point of the story when he tries to make the reader believe that the astute Gestapomen trusted him and his surprising conversion. At any rate, the story rises now to its climax. Jan, having joined the Gestapo, and being sent to Copenhagen, tries to convince his Red Comrades that he is still one of them, but at the same time furnish his unrelenting Gestapo chief with news so as to satisfy him, for he was cunning enough to get hold of Jan's wife and little son. Jan is ordered to obey the G.P.U., whatever will happen to his family, and this inward struggle between love and duty is the most moving part of the book. The old fighter tries to obey both his natural feelings and his 'ideal'. But this time the 'ideal' demands from him the sacrifice of what he treasures most. Jan becomes uncertain of himself, the voice of criticism echoes in his soul; he begins to doubt whether the 'ideal' is justified in demanding the blood-sacrifice of thousands who endeavoured to serve through a lifetime. Jan hesitates, but it is too late: the Gestapo has already Firelei in its claws, has tortured and killed her. At this very moment the G.P.U.-men in Copenhagen seize Jan, to be delivered up to the Moscow authorities. The narrow escape from his new persecutors, who had been his comrades, forms the last chapter of an exciting book.

It is, in fact, more than an intimate picture of a Communist agitator's life and of the international organisation the Comintern has built up. It offers a most important lesson: German Radicals have been, and are, the same, whether the 'ideal' they are believing in be 'brown' or 'red' dictatorship. Any system that forces men to serve an 'idea' and its 'leaders', like slaves, blindly obeying orders, leads to bloodshed, cruelty, the strangling of humane feelings and natural instincts in their souls. Jan Valtin had to sacrifice his love, had to see his wife die as a hostage for him, before he recognised that there is no possibility of living in a world ruled by dictators. He paid the highest price for the realisation that love may govern instead of hatred, and that there is no other ideal to be believed in than that of Humanity.

2

THE MIND OF THE MAKER

By Dorothy L. Sayers. *Methuen.* 6s. *Not* a Lord Peter Wimsey book, but the first of a series that the publishers propose to devote to the subject of 'creative reconstruction'. Miss Sayers's contribution is a study of the creative mind. It is serious in intent, but reasonably light in hand. There are many allusions to figures in fiction, including Lord Peter, for in the relation of such imaginary creatures to the artists who created them may be reflected laws of fundamental and universal application.

REPORT ON ENGLAND

By Ralph Ingersoll. *Bodley Head.* 5s. An embarrassing book for the British to read: its praise is almost too fulsome. Mr. Ingersoll, editor of the latest and most highly successful of American dailies, *P.M.*—which carries no paid advertisements—spent a few weeks in Britain in the winter of 1940. Some of his conclusions and prophecies are sadly outdated, but it is heartening to read his high opinion of the R.A.F. and British morale. Six pages or more have been cut by the censor—some of them referring in all probability to radiolocation.

WAS LEOPOLD A TRAITOR?

The story of Belgium's Eighteen Tragic Days, by Robert Goffin. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8s. 6d. Mr. Goffin, an eminent Belgian author and barrister, gives a vivid, dramatic chronicle of Belgium's short but heroic fight and, at the same time, a vindication of King Leopold. Had it been published before the Balkan campaign, the book would have offered a terrible, yet valuable, object lesson to our General Staff. Even to-day it is well worth studying. Marjorie Shaw's translation is well done.

PRESENTING MOONSHINE

By John Collier. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d. John Collier has modernised and elaborated the *Diableries* of Felicien Rops in these brilliant short stories. An utter disregard of vérisimilitude, a biting wit, and an almost boundless imagination, characterise his work—qualities even more striking, perhaps, in his short stories than in his full length novels.

WITH LOVE AND IRONY

By Lin Yutang. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d. Lin Yutang has interpreted China to America and Europe in three best-sellers. Now he writes a book, just as wise and entertaining as his previous ones, about the way China looks at Europeans and Americans. The illustrations by Kurt Wiese are really delightful.

CARRY ON LONDON!

By Ritchie Calder. *English Universities Press.* 5s. Ritchie Calder is a crusader who went into battle against red tape and inefficiency when the Blitz came to London. His new book 'is concerned with the people and the things they did and do "because they think they ought to"', providing a companion piece to the 'Battle of Britain' in the heroic, unspectacular fight of civilians. 27 illustrations.

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH IN PICTURES

'Canada' by Lady Tweedsmuir and 'India' by Sir Firozkhan Noon, both published by *William Collins* at 3s. 6d., are short, well-illustrated books in the 'The British Commonwealth in Pictures' series, companion group to 'Britain in Pictures'. The texts are necessarily sketchy, but some of the colour reproductions are extremely attractive.

LITTLE WORLD WHAT NOW?

By H. P. Fowler. *Peace Book Company.* 2s. 6d. A brief exposure of the thesis that 'Collective Security rests in God'; dealing, among other matters, with the breakdown of ordered government, the agricultural revival, Germany in Europe, and the trends of world industrialism.

GREAT PROPHECIES ABOUT THE WAR

Collected by Clarence Reed. *Faber and Faber.* 2s. 6d. The Polish Prophecy, the Prophecy of St. Odile, of the Pyramids, of Tolstoy and Nostradamus make extremely cheerful reading for the Allies, although they all are rather vague and lend themselves to contradictory interpretations. But after all most of the professional 'prophets', both military and diplomatic, have been proved wrong in this war, so why shouldn't we prefer Nostradamus?

THE NIGHT IS LONG

By Sarah Gertrude Millin. *Faber and Faber.* 15s. The biographer of Rhodes and General Smuts, a most distinguished South African writer, presents her autobiography, describing her fight against insomnia, her meetings with famous people in Africa and Europe, her visits to the U.S.A. and Russia. A great many good stories and the impression of a sensitive, indomitable personality make this an attractive and moving book.

MY AMERICAN DIARY

By Sir Walter Citrine. *Routledge.* 5s. An informal but thoughtful diary of Sir Walter's recent trip to the U.S.A. The appendix contains his long address to the Convention of the American Federation of Labour.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF WORLD TRADE

By J. B. Condliffe. *Allen & Unwin.* 12s. 6d. Professor Condliffe, of the University of California, deals in this impressive volume with the background of economic policy, the processes of disintegration, regulated and unregulated trading systems, the complication of tariffs, quota politics, commercial diplomacy and the conditions of economic co-operation.

THE CHEAT

By Karel Capek. *Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d. The last and unfinished work of Karel Capek, creator of R.U.R. (Robot), and the greatest modern Czech writer. The story of an 'artistic gangster', it shows all Capek's mastery of wit, irony and humanism. The book ends with tributes to Capek by his Czech and English publishers, the P.E.N. club, and a broadcast talk by the author.

POLYNESIAN PARADISE

By Donald Sloan. *Robert Hale.* 12s. 6d. Pago Pago and Polynesia have been discovered by Hollywood, but even so they represent an escapist's paradise. Mr. Sloan has written 'an elaborated travel journal based on ethnological facts', illustrated with charming photographs and packed with adventures and native lore.

THE COLOUR BAR IN EAST AFRICA

By Norman Leys. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d. A fearless and fair-minded investigation into the native problems in East Africa, offering a 'way out' of most of the distressing injustices.

TWO YEARS OF GERMAN OPPRESSION IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Issued by the Czechoslovak Ministry of Foreign Affairs. After a preface by President Benes this comprehensive summary deals with political persecution, atrocities, Germanisation, persecution of Christian churches and Jews, economic enslavement, destruction of Czech schools and cultural life, the case of Slovakia and Czechoslovak resistance at home and abroad. A scathing indictment of the 'New Order' and a blue-print for the new Czechoslovakia after victory is won.

ALL ABOUT POLAND. FACTS, FIGURES, DOCUMENTS

Edited by J. H. Retinger. *Minerva.* 3s. 6d. Extremely good value at a low price. Giving the main historical, cultural and political data and statistics relating to Poland and Polish affairs as they were before September 1939. In fact, a miniature Polish encyclopædia.

THE STRATEGY OF INDIRECT APPROACH

By Liddell Hart. *Faber.* 12s. 6d. A revised and enlarged edition of *The Decisive Wars of History*, published in 1929 and gone out of print. No military historian writes with greater clarity and polish, and this survey of battlefields from Marathon to Mons, and after, has literary as well as historical value. Liddell Hart pauses on the brink of the present war with a careful analysis of Hitler's prowess as a strategist. His appraisement of Hitler, as he has shown in *World Review* articles, does not suffer from underestimate, and, indeed, he regards him as a master who, by departing from the orthodox trend of German military thought, de-throning Clausewitz and broadening strategy with psychological weapons, has transformed the older conception of warfare.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION

By W. Ivor Jennings. *Cambridge University Press.* 8s. 6d. Dr. Jennings, Principal of the Ceylon University College, has written a lucid book on that marvel of tradition, the British constitution. The main chapters deal with government by the people and by party, the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the Monarchy, Administration, Cabinet Government, Government in War Time and the principal tenets of British Democracy. There are eight unusual illustrations.

BROCHURES AND PAMPHLETS

Britain and South Africa, by Eric A. Walker; Britain and India, by R. Coupland; From the British Empire to the British Commonwealth, by Sir Alfred Zimmern—all three published by *Longmans* at 6d.—The Profit Motive, by Sir Ernest Benn; and Reconstruction of Bombed Buildings, by B. S. Townroe—both published by the *Individualist Bookshop* at 6d.; Vansittart's Gift for Goebbels by Heinrich Fraenkel, *Fabian Society*, 2d.; Morrison's Prisoners, *National Council for Democratic Aid*, 3d.; and Slavery under Hitler's New Order, published by the *Polish Information Bureau* at 1d., with a foreword by Sir Walter Citrine; Holland and the War by G. N. Clark, and Italian Foreign Policy by Barbara Ward, both published by the *Clarendon Press* at 4d., as No. 48 and 49 of the Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs; Netherlands Overseas Territories, Information Department Papers, No. 28, published at 2s. 6d. by the *Royal Institute of International Affairs;* Fabian Quarterly, published by the *Fabian Society* at 6d., containing an article by Fabius on 'Saving and Spending'.

Without Malice

JEERS AND BRICKBATS to

the Home Secretary—for refusing centralisation so vital in war-time;

the *National Review*—for sneering at the war-effort and its leaders and a strange editorial policy of anti-Semitism;

the Government—for the indiscriminate curtailing of vital paper supplies to newspapers and publishers while squandering immense quantities of paper on verbose circulars and ineffective home propaganda;

Mr. Ramsbotham—for declaring it is useless to plan a post-war world;

the B.B.C.—for beginning eight out of ten of their bulletins with 'there's little fresh to report';

Lord Woolton—for announcing controlled prices well ahead and thereby conjuring away all controlled food;

the *Weekly News*—for abusing Russia in the hour of her greatest fight against our common foe;

the *Daily Sketch*—for dishing up as 'inside information' items available to every journalist in press attaché reports from neutral capitals;

CHEERS AND BOUQUETS for

the German broadcasts of the B.B.C.—the most intelligent and effective of all foreign language services;

Dr. Gottfried Keller, new President of the Foreign Press Association—he has completely rejuvenated that somewhat moribund institution;

the London Rotary Centre—it is trying to work out a sensible economic plan to operate in post-war Europe;

the editor of the *Sunday Chronicle*—he represents realism and a sense of proportion amid the hysterical crowd of Sunday leader-writers and armchair-strategists.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

Zoroastrians conceive Hell as a place of extreme cold.

The town of Kitchener in Ontario was originally called Berlin.

Practically all the German victories have been achieved by 300,000 men, including the Panzer Divisions, Luftwaffe and U-boat crews.

Lawrence of Arabia considered Lenin the only man who had thought out a revolution, put it into operation, and consolidated it.

Sean Russell, Director of the I.R.A., has been wounded in a Berlin air-raid—by a German A.A. shell.

The Belgian Quisling, Henri de Man, was, until June 1940, a Socialist.

Mussolini's new autobiography is called 'Mein Kaempfchen'.

PLEA TO PUBLISHERS

Will you please refrain from publishing, for at least ten years:

(*a*) books explaining Germany;

(*b*) paraphrases of Air Ministry Communiqués;

(*c*) 'inside stories' of the Gestapo, Ogpu, Ovra and similar organisations;

(*d*) biographies of Mr. Churchill.

(*e*) books on the fall of France.

WORDS IN THE WIND

We could not but be struck by the fact that often the war has turned ecclesiastical life topsy-turvy.—Albert Peel, Litt.D.: *Journal*, 1940.

Proper planning! What does that really involve? Most persons are ready to bow the knee to town and country planning in theory, but we have a long way to go before we know what proper planning is.—B. S. Townroe: *Reconstruction of Bombed Buildings.*

Where would the internal combustion engine and aviation be to-day had it not been for the profit system?—Sir Ernest Benn: *The Profit Motive.*

No one can predict what form the British Commonwealth will present when, generations hence, all its peoples have attained their political maturity.—Sir Alfred Zimmern: *From the British Empire to the British Commonwealth.* P. T.

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

UNDER THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Roosevelt *v.* Hitler

Four days after Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House in 1933, the late Mr. Justice Holmes celebrated his ninety-second birthday. On that hectic day, with the banks closing and the shadows of AAA and NRA hovering close, Roosevelt still found time to call on him.

'You are the wisest man in America,' he said. 'What advice have you for a man who has become President of the United States during this crisis?'

'Young man,' Holmes replied, 'you are in a war. Fight like hell.'

How much of a war, Holmes could not have foreseen. Roosevelt himself, who had campaigned for a New Deal for the Forgotten Man, knew he was in a fight. But how old, how deep, how bitter was the war he had inherited, he did not realise. He was face to face with organised society's most ancient and elusive problem—how to marry the dignity of individual liberty with universal material security.

As if by some strange inner necessity of history, it was in the very month that Roosevelt came to the White House that Adolf Hitler began to provide his own solution to the same problem. He has clothed an old oppression in a new and immensely powerful formula. He has done it by sleight of hand, by pretending that he was running a Nationalist movement, when he was really creating a new International. It has become the most powerful International in the world by the subtle deception of selling millions of weak, hopeless, morally destitute people the world over the hope that they too can be as strong as Germans, that they can march in parades of their own and spit at Jews in their own countries. In fact, this movement with which Hitler has made a good beginning of conquering the world is nothing but an International of the Weak.

The only Head Man who is doing anything to meet this total war and fight it with its own weapons on its own ideological and philosophic grounds is Franklin Roosevelt. There are just as many men in England as in America who realise that a revolutionary change awaits the world—and who believe, as sincerely as we do, that full-grown democracy has the dynamic power to work that change. But the British Government has shown itself frighteningly unwilling to act as if anything more than a struggle of ship against ship, of plane against plane, is involved. It is infinitely more than this. It is a struggle of ideas against ideas, and the British authorities have refused to unleash the ideas that can prevail against Hitler's—as British ships and planes and tanks and guns have not been able to. One of the President's advisers said recently: 'The most dangerous people on our side are those who think we can lick Hitler by force alone'.

Diplomats would never have suggested to the President that he begin merchandising the New Deal to England. This is what he has begun to do. By which is meant a frank criticism of Mr. Churchill for trying to stop Hitler by courage, character and arms alone, as well as of Mr. Bevin for assuming that universal collective bargaining is a revolutionary dynamic instead of just a by-product.

A group headed by J. B. Priestley [*The 1941 Committee*—ED.] has recently served notice on Mr. Churchill that patriotism is not enough. Those Americans who have been seeing Harold Laski's Socialism under the British bed may be reassured. The Europe that is fighting for this revolution does not want to export isms to the U.S.; it wants to import the New Deal.

The British New Deal Opposition goes further. Thus, Francis Williams, an important Liberal journalist, published a hard-hitting book called *War by Revolution*. He criticised his Government for confusing this revolution with British patriotism. In Europe, he is for a Continental sovereignty, in the Empire, for unconditional freedom for India now. India's leader, Nehru, one of the world's great democrats, is now in jail. In England, too, some of the world's most effective democrats are being interned. They are Hitler's refugees. Williams called on the Government to mobilise them for Fifth Column operations against the Nazi rulers of their homelands.

On April 3, one of the President's protégés,

Attorney-General Jackson, who had just been yachting with him, made an amazing speech in which he practically put the seal of official approval on such British New Deal talk. He said:

'Most Americans, because of their defensive attitude towards the so-called Fifth Column, have failed to realise that vulnerability to the Fifth Column is Hitler's, not ours. His over-extended domain now includes millions of alien and unwilling subjects—full of revenge and on the verge of insurrection. These are Czechs, Poles, Danes, Norwegians, Hollanders, Belgians and French. They constitute the greatest Fifth Column opportunity in history. . . . We can . . . take the propaganda offensive, out-Fifth-Column the master Fifth Columnist himself.'

Far from resenting any of this as an intrusion or an impertinence, Mr. Churchill showed that he was open to suggestions. He told the House of of Commons that if 'a sufficient body of gentlemen' would constitute themselves an Opposition, 'they could be definitely recognised as such'. Such an opposition could be a transmission belt for Roosevelt's ideas on how to tool up England for her new role in this war.

ELIOT JANEWAY in *Life*

'Well, whoever he is, every time I ring up a dollar he snatches out thirty cents.'—NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE

Flattering Imitation

LITTLE London will probably be the name of the impact area, a two-mile-square section at the south end of the reservation in the Mark Twain National Forest, where Army bombers will test their accuracy on clumps of scrub oak.

'And why, may I ask, do you think England hasn't got a chance?'—COLLIER'S WEEKLY

Hard Facts for Isolationists

EX-GOVERNOR PHILIP LA FOLLETTE of Wisconsin warned his countrymen not long ago to beware lest we find ourselves fighting 'not in this hemisphere where we can be supreme, but fighting with expeditionary forces four thousand miles away in Europe and six thousand miles away in Asia'. Will the reader at this point be good enough to examine a globe? Attach a string to a pin at Madison, Wisconsin—Governor La Follette's home town—and measure how far from home he might have to go if he were sent to defend important points 'in this hemisphere where we can be supreme', as compared with other points on the supposedly distant continents of Europe and Asia. Note the following facts:

It is farther from Madison to Buenos Aires in a direct line ('great circle' distance) than from Madison to Benghazi. Ankara is about as far as Buenos Aires. Actually, by the regularly travelled routes, Buenos Aires is considerably farther away than either of these points in Africa or Asia, because of the 'bulge' of Brazil.

No capital in Europe, including Moscow, is as far from Madison as is Buenos Aires, and only one European capital (Athens) is as far as Rio de Janeiro. Again, this is direct-line distance, and by actually travelled routes Europe is relatively closer.

Gibraltar is closer to Madison than is the capital of Bolivia, closer than Tacna or Africa, and closer than any major city in Brazil or any place at all in Argentina, Chile, Paraguay, or Uruguay.

Gibraltar, incidentally, is not merely closer to the entire South Atlantic coast of South America than is Madison, but is closer by sea than the *nearest point* in the United States (Miami). In the

'What do you want from me? Did I tell Hitler to bomb England?'—COLLIER'S WEEKLY

same way, advanced European bases at Dakar, Bathurst and Freetown on the coast of Africa are nearer to southern South America than our most advanced Caribbean bases.

If the Nazis were to capture the British naval base at Scapa Flow in Scotland they would be closer to Madison than if they were established at Lima, Peru.

As for Asia, Manchukuo is closer to Madison than is Buenos Aires.

EUGENE STALEY in *Foreign Affairs*

For Friendly Aliens

REFUGEES in America are on a spot. So are Americans who have volunteered to take them in during their exile. Hence to promote international goodwill we offer a few simple rules of behaviour for visiting foreigners, royal or otherwise, who don't bother about becoming a part of the U.S. scene:

1. Refugees should remember that they are nothing special. Broadly speaking, all U.S. citizens except Indians, who do not count, are either refugees or descendants of refugees. Newcomers must take their proper place.

2. Refugees should not write articles about the Collapse of France or My Escape from Europe, cash cheques on non-existent bank accounts, get drunk in public until they know English, or insult U.S. girls. Some American girls, unfortunately, are still susceptible to foreign accents.

3. Refugee youngsters, like those of the domestic variety, should be seen and not heard. Small fry should work hard in school and not bother their elders.

4. Celebrated refugees must learn U.S. manners and customs. They should not suggest to natives that civilised people take three hours for lunch, that what the U.S. needs is art and culture such as only Europeans can contribute, and that Americans do not really know how to live. They should also hold their public lecturing down to a subsistence minimum.

5. Rich refugees should not demand maid service, special cooking and personal automobiles from hosts who feel they are doing handsomely to provide their guests with room and board. There are already along the eastern seaboard of this country many refugees from refugees.

6. Refugees should remember that Americans' nerves are on edge. They must not band together in little swarms, chattering and squealing in their foreign bird-talk. They must mingle, calmly and happily, with all and sundry, staying outdoors as much as possible.

7. At all costs, let those refugees and imitation refugees who insist on sliding in the snow, in Tyrolean costume, stop yodelling.

8. Above all, refugees should be aware that Americans feel friendly toward them and in their own way are trying to give them a decent break.

Life

'The big guy's an interventionist, the little guy's an isolationist and the guy underneath is a "don't know"'—COLLIER'S WEEKLY

You Can't Escape

A GOOD woman inspires a man, a brilliant woman interests him, a beautiful woman fascinates him, but a sympathetic woman gets him.

Logan (Kansas) Republican

Verbal Symbols

WHO's next? . . . 'This is a free country.' . . . You have heard the words a thousand times. So have I. So has every male in this country. Heard them without thinking. Without realising that this scene and these phrases that we take for granted are part of the deep concepts of a democratic nation. You would never hear them said in lands ruled by *Kommissars* and *Schutzstaffel*. Because the *Kommissar* comes first. The *Kommissar* is always right. Nor would you hear many other statements we use in our daily life:

'First come, first served.'
'He's got his rights.'
'May the best man win.'
'Play the game.'
'Fair and square.'

These expressions are verbal symbols. They mean something to every American. In fact they register to every human being no matter where he lives—if he exists under the democratic way of life. In lands as far apart as Canada and South Africa, or Finland and Australia, people instinctively respond when they hear such phrases.

Nowhere are the ways and words of democracy better illustrated than in sports. Day after day we see democracy in action on playing fields, diamonds, courts and rinks. Through membership and leadership in athletic contests, boys and girls learn what democratic living means. Their guiding words are 'Play the Game!' 'Fair Play!' and 'May the Best Man Win!'

New York Herald-Tribune

Hard on A.B.'s

AN innovation the war has fetched to San Francisco presents a problem to the ladies known to the sailors as tomatoes. It used to be that when a warship arrived within the Golden Gate the newspapers and the radio broadcast the news. The tomatoes thereupon gathered in large numbers at Pier Fourteen to meet the lads as they stepped ashore. But the Navy has prevailed upon the newspapers and radio to adopt a voluntary censorship. No longer is the arrival of a ship announced. Never before have so many sailors walked the streets of San Francisco without tomatoes. However, several soldiers told us that they thought the Navy censorship a splendid thing.

Collier's Weekly

Sisu

THE forgotten Finns have a word for us. It is 'sisu'. It describes, according to Hudson Strode, the writer, the spirit in which these Northern people stood up against the Russian odds, the spirit in which they are rebuilding their mangled country, the spirit in which they are preparing it for yet another onslaught.

'Sisu is', according to Paavo Nurmi, the runner, 'patience without passion. It comes to men miraculously in time of stress.'

More concretely, it means the way rich and poor fought side by side in the cold snow wastes. It means the way they lived together, the childless taking in orphans, the land-rich dividing acres with the landless—and doing it without legislative compulsion.

In other words, it means a vital conception of national unity, an understanding of the simple fact that if each and every individual in the state is not safe, the state itself cannot be safe.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Pity the Proof-Reader

THE proof-reader was still a care-free fellow when he had mastered the spelling of Czecho-Slovakia.

He blinked occasionally but bore up well through the period that dealt with Poland's Grudziadz, Lwow, Szczebrzeszyn, and the return of the ghost of Przemysl.

While Finland's campaign brought word from Suursaari and Simojoki, and the action switched over to Trondheimsfiorden, Norway, he actually gained a trifle and his colour improved.

But Hungary brought on a relapse when he came across Székesfehérvár and Kiskunfélegyháza.

He might not have stuck it out at all if the war hadn't moved quickly to Egypt's Buqbuq, Cyrenaica's El Gabba, Albania's Corizza and the simplification of Greece's Thessalonike into plain Salonika.

He weathered all of these, sagged slightly over his desk, gritted his teeth, and plunged with the diplomats into Yugoslavia (or should it be a J?). One day's news not only brought him Premier Dragisha Cvetkovic (who is practically John Smith to his countrymen) but it had to go on through the streets of Bitolj, Hadjipopvic, Skoplje and Cetinje, Knjazevac and Vrsac.

Now he doesn't feel so well again.

Des Moines Tribune

COUNTRY OF THE BULL-FROG

To include Graziani

MARIO APPELIUS, described as the star writer of Benito Mussolini's *Il Popolo d'Italia*, says that the following four classes of Italians are being 'deceived' by the British:

1. Some members of the Roman aristocracy.
2. Waiters who remember large tips from English tourists.
3. A section (unnamed) of the middle class.
4. Girls whose ideas originate in Hollywood.

To this list we would add a fifth group which is being very effectively deceived by the British day after day—

5. The Generals of the Italian Army.

Philadelphia Record

Italians Speak of Italy

A MANIFESTO of the Italian Communist Party states: After the Italian defeats Italy is degraded to be a German vassal. German spies and soldiers are everywhere, treating Italians haughtily, robbing them of food, whilst Italian workers starve. The conduct and extension of the war means new disasters for Italy, and drives Italy into a desperate position. Not one kilogramme of grain, iron or coal can be transported to Italy by sea. The Italian people must prevent these unfortunate happenings. It did not want war and grows daily more convinced it has not an interest in the war. Nobody provoked us, nobody menaced us. What interest have Italians in Hitler's conquering and plundering of Europe? The English people never menaced the Italian people's freedom. Contrarily, in earlier times they helped us to reconquer our freedom, sheltering Garibaldi and Mazzini when persecuted by home and foreign tyrants.

The manifesto then deals with Fascist promises and how the promises are kept, and ends demanding a new Government which cancels Mussolini's war pact with German imperialism, begins peace negotiations, rids Italy of German troops, frees Albania, Libya and Abyssinia, dissolves the Fascist militia, reinstitutes constitutional rights and free elections, returns to an eight hours working day, confiscates grain possessed by great landowners, confiscates all war profits and wealth which the Fascist leaders have drawn from the Italian people, and establishes real and intimate relations with Soviet Russia.

Ny Dag: Swedish Communist Daily

Quod Licet Jovi

BECAUSE President Roosevelt criticised statements by Colonel Lindbergh, a Fascist editor in Italy says the President does not live up to democratic principles. You never hear of Il Duce criticising somebody for saying publicly anything with which Il Duce does not agree. Perhaps nobody in Italy disagrees with Mussolini.

Christian Science Monitor

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

EUROPEAN MAYPOLE

Cantos from Rome

LISTENERS who have time and are able to tune in to Radio Roma American hour will have heard a powerful Yankee voice lustily proclaiming the virtues of Fascism and loudly advising all Americans to withhold help to Britain.

Who is this obvious American Haw-Haw? Few know.

The name of the Joyce of Rome is none other than the well-known Idaho-born red-bearded poet Ezra Pound, who has had over seventy major works published in the States.

There are half a dozen Americans and German-Americans doing their stuff for Goebbels, but Ezra Pound is the only full-time broadcaster from Rome.

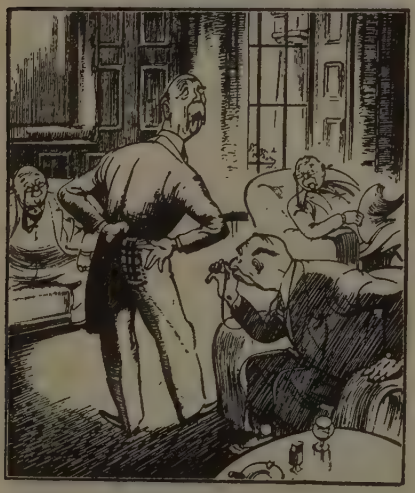
Leader

THE ENGLISH—ARE THEY HUMAN?

Thunder on the Right

BEHIND the scenes of war a vast number of offices, sub-offices and sub-sub-offices have grown up. These are garrisoned by directors, controllers, sub-directors and sub-controllers and their sub-ordinates. Some of these institutions have managed to get themselves attached to the 'secret service' and therefore may not be discussed in Parliament. Of such would appear to be the office—or offices—which direct the propaganda to the enemy. This is, in some way, linked with the Ministry of Information, but Mr. Duff Cooper is said not to be responsible either to Parliament or to his colleagues. Then who is? Mr. Hugh Dalton's name is always mentioned when any hush-hush business is referred to and, as he is not a conspicuous success as a Minister of Blockade he is rather apt also to get the discredit of our scandalously bad propaganda to the Germans. We do not know whether he is responsible, but whoever is, forgets that there are English people who know German and who listen to our broadcasts. They are shocked by the Communism daily spoken to Germany in the rich Jewish voices of the men Hitler flung out six years ago, men who have obviously lost touch with Germany without gaining touch with England. It is an absolute scandal that we should allow such people to represent us. Let Englishmen talk for England and let them talk, not about the revolutions Mr. Dalton's Jewish friends hope to make in this country, but about the things which foreigners admire us for. That is our ancient and solid Monarchy, our pure justice, our political strength, our commercial enterprise, our Great Empire. When this last is occasionally mentioned it is to belittle it or to praise such disruptionists as Ghandhi, who was referred to in one broadcast as the 'Führer of the Indian people.' We do not know who is responsible for all this but as, in our name, all sorts of promises are being made to Germans, we ought to be told who is the director of this mischievous twaddle and what he is committing us to.

National Review



'The suit's 1934, but this is a bit of genuine 1928'—
EVENING NEWS

Can we stand Victory?

IT has been said, often enough, that the English can stand defeat. They certainly can! The Germans cannot, so it is said. It has also been said that the English cannot stand victory and that the Germans can. It may be so. In the First World War the Germans stood victory very well—the English very badly. Having achieved victory in the end, they failed to make it endure. They accepted revision of the Treaty of Versailles not only where the Treaty was bad but also where it was good, not only in their own interest (and in the interest of all), but also in the interest of the enemy. They allowed revision to become the instrument with which the former enemy undid all that was achieved in the First World War.

Nineteenth Century and After

Shattered British Morale

WILLIAM HILLMAN tells us that just before he left England he rode through the Kentish farmside and stopped at a farm that had been completely ruined by German bombs—the house, the barns, everything and everybody except the farm-owner. 'But why?' asked Mr. Hillman of the farmer. 'Why? This is miles and miles from any military objective.' The farmer shrugged, said nothing. 'But what do you think of all this?' persisted Mr. Hillman. 'I tell you, sir,' replied the farmer, 'this sort of thing vexes me.'

Collier's Weekly

Stomach Complaint

WHEN the ramp had become widespread, a public outcry arose over onions. The supply had been cornered. It is certain the Government knew, or could have discovered, who were behind it. After long delay the Food Office acted, fixed the price at 4½d. a lb., or 25s. per cwt., against the ruling 65s., and it looked as if the racketeers might get their fingers burned.

But the folk at Whitehall were evidently taking care of their kind. In his deep solicitude for the private trader Lord Woolton gave a month's notice of the impending control price, thus enabling the unscrupulous cornerers—as was later admitted in Parliament—ample time to unload.

Though the trade was duly thankful, the general public derived little advantage. Immediately after control date the market dried up, and onions figured on the menu only of the big private houses and the swank hotels.

At that stage Food Minister Woolton made another oration, assuring the nation of adequate food supplies. Immediately afterwards the meat ration was cut and other stocks diminished. By this time the masses had come to understand that every time Woolton reeled off an optimistic piece it was a sign of impending trouble.

The rule carried even to the humble potato. One day he harangued the nation to eat more of them. Sure enough the next week the price went up. And with the higher price the greengrocers marketed more of the farmers' earth. So much of it that in the poorer districts housewives wondered whether they had bought potatoes or made a deal in land.

Then cheese fell short, but was still plentiful in the swell houses and grand hotels.

Woolton assured there was no need to ration. Three weeks later a ration had to be fixed, the price early on having been pushed up to the usual double.

So the racket continues, exposing at every extension the Government's inability or unwillingness to curb the avarice of the profiteers. In almost every instance control has only been exercised after loud public outcry and when shortage has become acute. Nor has luxury eating yet been seriously curtailed. Reduced menus at one smart restaurant can always be made up by visiting another. And the increasing prices of canned goods, notably fruit, still uncontrolled, ensure that the big houses do not seriously suffer.

The Voice of Britain

In Praise of the Blue Pencil

THE least burdening censorship is the British. Even the toughest American correspondents agree that it has the virtue of justice and frankness. They grumble and even rage at its red tape and inefficiency but they don't dispute its soundness.

The British censorship is the old-fashioned blue-pencil kind. The correspondent gives his dispatch to the censor who reads it in the newsman's presence. The correspondent can—and does—argue over deletions. He can—and does—appeal against decisions to higher officials. And when he goes mad enough he files a story blasting the hide off the stupid censors and the blue-pencil wielders dutifully pass the dispatch.

The worst feature of the British censorship is the thorough-going elimination of military information. This has a dehydrating effect—it cuts out names, places, times, specific details and colour. But no American reporter has been expelled from England and few have had serious censorship troubles.

Coronet

Not Cricket

A VISITOR from England called at G.H.Q. British propaganda in a Levantine capital, and was received by the director. In a corner of the inner office he noticed a dusty pile of Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs with some familar titles: 'The Prospects of Civilisation,' 'The British Empire,' etc. By way of making conversation, he remarked: 'Wouldn't it be an idea to have a few of these in the ante rooms where visitors wait for an interview?' The Propaganda Chief chuckled: 'We tried that, old man, but it won't work. *Why, they started taking them away. . . .*'

Time and Tide

No Water from a Rock

A SUBSCRIBER writes with some bitterness from a south-coast town on the action of his council in cutting off water supplies owing to unpaid rates, a default which is quite impossible to avoid owing to the suspension of visitors. At the same time the council organised an intensive drive on fire protection. Hotels with no water supplies were urged to check up on their fire precautions. Is Gilbertian the right word, or should one turn to Lewis Carroll?

The Hotel Review

Loving-Kindness in Billets

WHEN Miss X, a Civil Servant in the Ministry of Works and Buildings arrived at her billet in Southport a few weeks ago, she was greeted by her new landlady with a list of rules, extending to nearly four foolscap sheets of single-space typing, stated to have been compiled by the billetor's husband, who had recently gone to sea. When she had read them Miss X herself was completely at sea. Here are a few choice extracts:

At all hours of the day and night, all unnecessary noise must be avoided. This completely prohibits the playing of any musical instrument whatever, including radio and gramophones. It also forbids the use of a typewriter for any purpose, and the noisy, ill-tempered, careless, thoughtless or lackadaisical handling of doors, gates, etc.—all such prohibitions being, of course, in the interests of Mrs. Blank and our child's welfare and sleep.

Mrs. Blank has the bringing up of a young child on hand, and that is *very much a full-time job in itself.* In no way and to no extent whatsoever, may her work, her welfare, or her child's welfare or routine be interfered with or broken into. Mrs. Blank's word on everything, no matter what, will always be final, and beyond question. Argument on any point whatsoever will not be tolerated.

Any modernist or youthful or other type of disrespect for this house or its contents on the mistaken idea that you are in a boarding house where everything is built for the job, and where boarders' habits are almost invariably common—any such forms of disrespect in this house will instantly result in a complaint to the authorities, and again will not be tolerated.

No smoking and no drinking. The pollution or contamination of the air which our child must breathe, by either drink or tobacco, will emphatically not be allowed in this house.

No visitors, male or female, will be allowed in the house at any time. This means, among other things, that any callers for, or in company with, the civil servant here billeted, will not be allowed to enter the house. It also means that if some interview must be carried out, it cannot be carried out in this house.

Your room is fully furnished according to our tastes and wishes, and therefore no additions of any sort, good or bad, except sheer necessities, will be permitted. Consequently, the display by the civil servant of any items of her own property, such as pictures, knick-knacks, souvenirs, postcards, ornaments, etc., of any and every sort, in any position whatever in the room, is by this rule completely forbidden. In particular, trashy newspaper cuttings about, or photographs of, actors, actresses, etc., found displayed or lying about in the room, will be at once removed to their proper place, namely the rubbish bin.

The w.c. door must at no time of the day or night be opened during the actual flushing of the pan, as the noise resulting would almost certainly disturb the child, if asleep at the time, as well as others asleep in the house, including, of course, yourself, our rules and demands being in no way selfish.

I quite appreciate the fact that it must be as unpleasant for you to be billeted on us, as it is for us being forced to have you.

I am sure if you agree and comply with these rules absolutely, and without question, friction will be avoided.

We shall do our best to make you happy and comfortable, but if you refuse to agree with us on all points mentioned we shall not hesitate to have carpets and furniture taken out of the room and stored.

* * *

Strange to relate, Miss X only stayed one night.

Red Tape

Brick for Lamb Chops

A WELL-KNOWN Guildford butcher received a shock and was confronted with a pretty problem when, unwrapping an imported lamb, weighing about 32 lb., a brick fell out from between the legs. The brick, of the fire-brick type, was put on the scale and weighed 2 lb. 10 oz. Naturally the butcher was annoyed, but his chief problem was how to deal with the brick under the rationing system.

The Meat Trades Journal

North of the Border

A FEW weeks ago bombs were dropped on some buildings in a Scottish town. After some hours the rescuers suddenly saw, peering out between two great stones, the face of a little girl about five years old. "Hullo," they said, "are you all right?" "Oh aye," answered the tiny lady, "but isn't it awfu' times we're livin' in the noo?"

Listener

Lament for Chelsea

It is sad on a spring evening to walk through the bombed streets of Chelsea. There are vast districts of London—Bayswater, for example, or Kensington—which seem to have been created for destruction, where squares and terraces for half a century have invited dilapidation, where fear and hypocrisy have accumulated through interminable Sunday afternoons until, one feels (so evil is the atmosphere of unreality and suspense) that had it not been for the bombers, the houses would have been ignited one day of their own accord by spontaneous combustion. Behind the stucco porches and the lace curtains the half-life of decaying Victorian families guttered like marsh-gas. One has no pity for the fate of such houses, and no pity for the spectacular cinemas and fun-places of Leicester Square, whose architecture was a standing appeal to heaven to rain down vengeance on them. But Chelsea in the milky green evening light, where the church where Henry James was buried is a pile of red rubble, where tall eighteenth-century houses gape with their insides blown out, like ruined triumphal arches, is a more tragic spectacle. For here the life that has vanished with the buildings that once housed it was of some consequence: there was some fine appreciation of books and pictures, and many calm hide-outs for the people who made them. It was one of the last strongholds of the cultivated *haute bourgeoisie* where leisure, however ill-earned, was seldom more agreeably and intelligently made use of. Now when the sun shines on these sandy ruins and on the brown and blue men working there one expects to see goats, and a goatherd in a burnous—*sirenes in delubris voluptatis*—pattering among them.

Horizon

Beauty to Kill Rumour

New posters issued by the Ministry of Information for an anti-gossip campaign throughout the Services adopt a technique that will ensure the attention of all ranks.

After exhausting the possibilities of such varied means of approach, the Government have, perhaps, solved the major problem at last. After all, it has come to 'Cherchez la femme,' and the latest offensive in the anti-rumour field, in the form of three posters, makes a direct appeal along these lines.

'Careless talk costs lives,' so, when in the company of a beautiful woman, remember that beauty may conceal brains. In other words, to quote the posters, 'Keep mum; she's not so dumb!'

The posters, litho-printed in full colour, have considerable artistic quality. Harold Forster, the artist who created Black Magic's alluring ladies, is responsible for the most striking of the series, which features admiring officers representing the three Services, and their glamorous but dangerous guest. This design is being reserved for display in officers' messes and other places where the commissioned ranks meet.

Using the same slogan, the other two in this new issue feature a private soldier and an air-gunner respectively, each in the company of a beautiful girl, but (such is the wisdom that comes with non-commissioned status) each looking determined to keep mum.

Advertiser's Weekly

Union Utopia

I was going through the newspaper files for something on President Roosevelt's election to a third term when I fell asleep, or into reverie, and imagined that I was looking at newspaper clippings of the year 1944. I was struck by one from the London *Times*, headed 'Good Out of Evil', and I read:

'Since the second Great War ended with the collapse of Italy in 1941, closely followed by that of her sinister German accomplice six months later, no news has given more satisfaction to the British public than last night's intimation that President Roosevelt intends to take up his residence in England for the concluding two months of his third term of office before handing over to his Republican successor next January. President Roosevelt, whose name will be forever associated with the overthrow and extinction of the authoritarian challenge to the principle of political freedom, has accepted Their Majesties' invitation to himself and Mrs. Roosevelt, to spend Christmas at Windsor Castle. The chief figure of the great democratic state, with which the future fortunes of Britain are now linked in permanent federation, will spend the last two months of his term of office at Chequers, that historic Tudor mansion which was formerly the country seat of the British Prime Minister and which Mr. Churchill, in a well-timed gesture, presented to the President of the United States, our federal partner, as his official residence in England.'

G. WARD PRICE in
Federal Union World

COMIC RELIEF

Not a Drink for Adolf

THE best story of the week regarding that bad man, is a remark of the wife of a former Egyptian Minister of Education. After hearing how German soldiers surrendered to the British since becoming waterless in the terrific heat, declared 'may Hitler be afflicted with the most agonising thirst, so that he may surrender also to the British.' *Akhersaa*, Cairo

A Man Must Live

THE tailor was packing the coat which Brown had just bought.

'You know, sir,' he said, 'I am letting you have this garment at a sacrifice.'

'Indeed,' replied Brown, who considered he had paid quite a fair price.

'Less than it cost me to make,' said the tailor.

Brown couldn't stand this. 'Look here,' he continued, 'you're always telling me that. How on earth do you make a living?'

The tailor replied meekly, 'I make a small profit on the paper and string, sir.'

Tailor and Cutter

Cossacks in Syria

COLONEL COLLETT, creator and commander of the famous Circassian Cavalry Force of the French Army in Syria, has crossed the Palestine border with all his officers and men and joined the Free French Forces. The nucleus of this colourful force are superb Circassian horsemen who fled from the Caucasus when the Soviet drive against religion threatened their Moslem faith. With veiled women—reputed ever since classical times to be among the world's loveliest—they emigrated to Syria, where the French equipped them with fine Arab steeds and formed them into a cavalry unit in 1922. They still look like true Cossacks. They wear tall astrakan caps, tight-waisted coats, with cartridge belts, long boots, and ornate daggers. They are the best horsemen in the Near East, and they know Syria like the palms of their hands.

Tailor and Cutter

'Hey, Doc.—I've found who's been eating all those vitamin pills!'—THIS WEEK

Damped Enthusiasm

A FRIEND of mine recently took in a little London evacuee, a Cockney to his (rather grimy) finger tips. On the first evening the youngster was duly dispatched upstairs, singing merrily, to have a bath. The second evening saw the process repeated, something less cheerfully. Next day, after the evening meal, my friend gently indicated to her guest that the bath hour had arrived. 'Blimey, missus,' came the retort, 'you don't want a 'vacuee, you want a b—— duck.'

Horse and Hound

Madame Bovary on the Gold Coast

VERY pathetic was the incident which occurred here recently involving a retired Government official, Mr. Daniel Ashley. The story is that one Mr. James Daniel Beecham, late of the United Africa Company, was out of a job at Calabar. He arrived here about eight months ago seeking for employment, but without success.

He then left to Northern Nigeria on speculation, leaving his wife, Mrs. Edna Beecham, at Aba. On his return from the north it was a complete surprise to him to find that Mrs. Beecham had left for the Gold Coast in company of Mr. Ashley with her husband's belongings, without informing him nor even caring to leave word behind. Mr. Beecham, it is said, loves his wife dearly, and it was a shock to him when he arrived to receive the news that his wife had eloped.

The Nigerian Eastern Mail

GRIM TAPESTRY

The Last Time I Saw Paris

THE once gay people of Paris are treating their German conquerors calmly, coldly, and with a calculating eye, making the Nazis pay for everything they get.

There is no laughter in this beautiful city, transformed now into just another base behind the German war front.

Swarms of German soldiers and twelve-ton Nazi tanks rumbled down the Boulevard des Italiens past the Opera House. The French people paid no attention.

The streets are full of German soldiers and officers, and there has been an invasion of 'Mädchen in uniform'—German girls garbed in dull grey uniforms and grey silk stockings.

The famous Café de Paris has a big sign, 'This restaurant is forbidden to Jews.' Most movie houses are closed and one near the Opera has been shut since its audience demonstrated against a German news reel showing war destruction in France taken by a Nazi camera man. The Paris and Marignan cinemas on the Champs Élysées, the largest movie houses in Paris, are closed to all Frenchmen and bear large signs inviting German soldiers to come in free, but warning 'French to stay out'. Recounting numerous German papers, magazines, and posters propagandizing Germany, and which are anti-British and anti-American, the report proceeds as follows: 'The propaganda does not seem fully effective, however. I talked with head waiters, newsvendors, booksellers, and merchants, whom I knew eleven months ago. All were more familiar than I with the latest developments, though they do not read the newspapers. They call the *Paris Soir* the *Paris Sewer*.'

The most striking physical aspect of Paris is the deserted appearance of the streets. There are no buses, no taxis, no horse cabs; no way of travelling except by foot or by metro.

RALPH HEINZER to the
United Press from Paris

Brzuöed

FIFTY Jews have been arrested in Croatia as hostages to prevent the continued spreading of tendentious information. Simultaneously all Jews, including children, have been ordered to carry a yellow mark with the Zion star on their left breast and left shoulder.

Berlingske Tidende

IN DURANCE VILE

The Prime Minister
has described how, when he was a Prisoner of War in Boer hands, 'life was one long boredom from dawn to slumber'. The hours crawled like 'paralytic centipedes'.

42 Years Later
another British Prisoner of War writes from the German Prison Camp Stalag-Luft:

> 'It is the mental stagnation which is so difficult to combat. Life here is just the same, I never know the date or even the month. We just live for the next letter or parcel.'

●

Throughout the years free men have always hated the thought of captivity. We earnestly appeal to readers of WORLD REVIEW to help us carry on our work for the 60,000 British Prisoners of War. Countless letters home testify to the pleasure which our monthly parcels give—bringing the men new hope and, above all, the knowledge that they are not forgotten.

Donations, large or small, will be gratefully received by MISS CHRISTINE KNOWLES, *Hon. Director, or* LORD ABERDARE, *Chairman.*

BRITISH PRISONERS of WAR BOOKS & GAMES FUND
Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1.
NOTE.—Censorship regulations preclude our acceptance of gifts of books.

Nazi Chivalry

It's a man's world more than ever in Germany now. This was made plain on our return to Germany from a four-week vacation in the Swiss Alps.

At Basel my wife was unable to obtain a berth because all German sleepers now are reserved for men. 'During these war times men travelling through the night must arrive at their destination fully rested,' was the explanation.

We produced two paid sleeper tickets. 'Sorry,' said the agent, 'but you bought tickets on Feb. 7. New regulations have superseded them.'

So we took a tedious day train leaving Basel at 5.50 a.m. and arriving in Berlin at 10 p.m.

On the train, we noticed the look of surprise of fellow passengers when they saw our tanned faces.

One question asked by virtually everybody who learned we came from Switzerland was: 'How's the food over there?'

One questioner immediately added:

'I really need not ask, for I see how well fed and healthy you look.'

St. Louis Post Dispatch

'Though we call it aid to Britain.'—

NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE

Logic

Recently, in Oslo, a German officer entered a crowded café and looked around for a seat. Spotting an empty chair at a table where a young lady was sitting, he stopped. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'but may I take this chair?'

The young lady ignored him completely. Then the Nazi, somewhat flustered, appealed to the head waiter. Thereupon the young lady said, icily:

'Now that you have taken all of Norway without asking our leave, you certainly ought to be able to take a chair without asking permission.'

New York Herald-Tribune

Pariahs

Elimination and segregation of Jews are becoming fixed measures of Adolf Hitler's 'new order' for German-controlled areas, which now include one-sixth of the world's Jewish population.

Probably 2,500,000 of Europe's 9,000,000 Jews have come under German domination since Nazi storm troopers took over Austria in March, 1938.

In the first seven countries occupied by Germany 850,000 Jews lived in 1939, according to estimates of the American Jewish Committee.

In addition, hundreds of thousands of Poland's 3,100,000 Jews, of France's 400,000 and of Rumania's 900,000 are within the Nazi sphere.

The general picture from dispatches, unfinished but being filled in systematically day by day, shows the Jew is being barred from professions and public office, discouraged from mixing with other people, dispossessed and driven from his business, made to show distinguishing badges and placards, and, in instances, made to dwell in ghetto-like districts.

One thousand Jews in Vienna were rounded up with their scant belongings on February 19 and banished, it was reported, to the Lublin area in Poland, where Herr Hitler is said to plan a vast settlement area where Jews may live almost to themselves.

Another contingent was deported a few days before, and at least 4,000, along with several thousand from eastern German cities, were sent away in October, 1939.

In Poland, a high concrete wall in Warsaw segregates 500,000 Jews from the rest of the city.

Christian Science Monitor

Homeless Berliners

WHAT is most difficult to obtain in Berlin? One Berliner replies coffee, another shoes, and a third cigarettes—but they are wrong. The most difficult thing to obtain in Berlin is a living place, a flat or room. Flats becoming vacant go first to people producing some form of ministerial warrant, and thereafter to families having many children. As one out of every ten flats must be leased to such families they experience little difficulty in obtaining accommodation. Rentals are increasing considerably. Rooms formerly costing 20, 30, 40 marks monthly now cost 50, 75, 100; rooms under 50 no longer exist. Two and three room flats in Berlin cost between 200 and 350 marks monthly. The price controller is proceeding against many landlords for unduly raising prices.

Dagens Nyheter

Beware of Doll-Snatchers

BEFORE allowing their children to meet new playmates, parents should carefully check the children's identity cards. When children go out alone, parents should ask them with whom they have been playing, as association with morally inferior or ill-bred youths is dangerous.

Allgemeine Zeitung, Chemnizt

Danes Can Wait

A STARVING Danish wife, unable to pay the required rent, committed suicide, after vainly expecting money from her husband working in Germany. It was later known that the husband had been taken ill. The chief clerk in Copenhagen Social Office stated in an interview that the above-mentioned lady was previously helped by the Social Office, and was promised help within three or four days, but she did not reappear. 'We have often helped wives who have been compelled to wait long for money from husbands, working in Germany.' Emigration Commissioner Ulrichsen, in an interview, stated that there have been cases previously where Danish families have been compelled to wait long for German money, but this is the first time there have been such serious consequences. The first delivery of money usually takes five weeks, and German firms often pay into banks fortnightly instead of weekly.

Faedrelandet

In the days of old people needed no tonic food. But how different their lives were from ours! Most of us today feel the need of some extra stimulant to keep up our energy and vitality.

Nerve *versus* Nerves —yesterday and today

When the world was young and carefree, good health was taken for granted. Now that our lives are beset with strain and dangers, poor health and poor nerves are often taken for granted too. That is wrong — and foolish. You can have exuberantly good health even today by giving your nerves and blood the nourishment they are crying out for. Give them 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. 'Sanatogen' supplies the extra organic phosphorus and protein essential in times of stress. 'Sanatogen' rebuilds vitality and energy. 'Sanatogen' gives lasting and progressive benefit.

It is your duty today to get and keep your nerves in splendid condition. Trust 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food to do the job for you.

'SANATOGEN'

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Obtainable from all chemists in 22/3 jars and 12/1½, 6/6 and 2/6½ tins (Including Tax).

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

CORRESPONDENCE CROSS-SECTION

Cheers for Miss Sayers

I BELIEVE in practically all the views expressed in the article by Dorothy L. Sayers, published in the June 1941 issue of the *World Review*. This article 'How Free is the Press' will be decidedly unpopular with a number of autocrats in this country who *control* or *own* newspapers. Let Dorothy keep up the good work. Many thanks and praise to *World Review* for presenting Miss Sayers's views. Not many magazines would have had the broad-mindedness and courage to do so.

D. TWIST,
Southport, Lancs.

Even Worse

I WAS mightily amused at your disclaimer above Miss Dorothy Sayers's article. Why this discrimination? Why not in front of other controversial articles? Is it perhaps that having as yet only a Press Baron courtesy title, so to speak, you are just not quite sure how the real Press Barons will take it!

You must know that the actual position is far worse than Miss Sayers states. Being a soldier, I have not had much to do with the press, but, it so happens, that for many years I have nevertheless made it a hobby to keep a sharp eye on the ways of the popular press and have learnt much. On one occasion I 'assisted', in India, in stopping a well-known journalist, now resident in England, from sending a first-rate piece of nonsense from what he termed 'a reliable source'.

A. G. DYCE, Lt.-Col. (Ret.),
Exeter

Otto Not Sincere?

IT was with deep dismay that I discovered that you seem to be favourably disposed towards a Habsburg restoration, and I feel it my duty to give you an explanation of my very serious objection to this policy.

I have been brought up in one of the so-called 'Succession States', Yugoslavia, and I know exactly what the vast majority of people, especially the younger generation, are feeling in regard to the Habsburg dynasty. Let me assure you, their feelings are far from friendly. To them, the very name of that dynasty spells enslavement, suppression, absolutism, and systematical destruction of their national life. They have experienced all this and more than this for hundreds of years, in varying degreees, by various methods, with amendments and reactions—but always under the shadow of the name of 'Habsburg'.

I readily believe that Otto is probably a modern, exceptional and democratically-minded young man, and I do not doubt the sincerity of his intentions. But stronger than his very best intentions are the memories of the unhappy rule of his forefathers, a hatred which is a deep-rooted and well-founded and justified tradition among millions of people who are fighting on Britain's side in this war.

I am very much in favour of a Federation of Danubian states within the framework of a system of closer European co-operation after this war. But I wish people over here would realise that they expose this idea to a very grave danger of becoming odious in the eyes of the very people whose enthusiasm they wish to arouse for it (a difficult enough proposition as it is!) by toying with visions of entrusting with the leadership of such a new Federation the dynasty whose very mention would instantly quench any glimmer of good will among those for whom it has for centuries been a symbol of foreign rule and totalitarianism!

ELISABETH HIRSCH,
London, N.W.3

Nationalism Decomposed

SO much in your excellent publications and interesting articles about Union. Yet *two* things will happen to the old nationalism, Patriotism will flow into new channels, for these large 'security' units of organisation are (as yet) mere marriages of convenience—admirable but rather negative in appeal to one's loyalty. The unit is too large for most of us to feel we are fitting in vitally. Therefore I suggest that the old fundamental instinct of patriotism will forsake nationalism, and the old nationalism will be decomposed—

from the top, i.e. Union and internationalism;
from the bottom, i.e. provincialism, or (to avoid the suggestion of county cricket and the rural district council) regionalism.

NORTH COUNTRYMAN

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Children MUST be helped.

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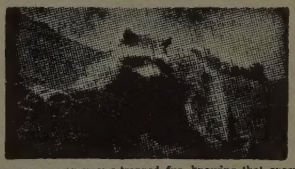
IN GREY OWL'S MEMORY



'How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?' These were Grey Owl's words to me. Write for WHITE LIST of Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign which names furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Funds needed for more Advts.

MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, Towcester

Guilty Men Still at the Helm?

I HAVE read with a good deal of interest the article in *World Review* by A. L. Rowse—'Letters of Junius'.

Having been a critic of the Baldwin-Chamberlain misgovernment, I was more than interested in the conclusions to which attention is drawn and directed by this article, but I am bothered to think that A. L. Rowse does not call attention to the equally tragic state of affairs to-day—under Winston Churchill—as I see them to be.

When Churchill became Prime Minister, I really thought we had the right man for the job, but unfortunately I was soon to be disillusioned. It did not take many months to be able to make up my mind that he was following the same Political methods of promotion which had been the hall-mark of his predecessors, and the more things go on, the more pronounced is the incompetence which naturally follows the old political method of promoting to the more important positions, one's own political friends rather than the right man for the job.

Unless we get someone who will understand that this War has got to be run on lines which call for the greatest brains, and not the greatest political influence, we shall lose it.

A. R. M.,
Birmingham

Education

I HAVE read with great interest the symposium on Education which appears in this month's issue of *World Review*. It undoubtedly touches on some of the main defects of our educational system and indicates some essential lines for change and development. I should like, however, to make the following comments:

1. The criticisms of the boarding-school are, on the whole just, but the symposium does not mention one of its great advantages—that it does provide a most valuable community life in which the art of co-operative and disciplined living (an art indispensable in the larger adult world) may best be learned. Neither the existing day-school, nor the small modern family supplies such a community life.

2. Beyond mentioning the training of character as one advantage of our educational system, the symposium makes little mention of specifically religious training (i.e. training in character and worship). The lack of attention given in schools in recent years to this most important aspect of education, together with over-emphasis of technical and scientific training, has to a large extent produced the deplorable irreligiousness which is so patent in many homes to-day.

3. In order further to ensure an adequate home-life for children something more than part-time education to the age of eighteen is necessary. I should like to see established in this country a great system of adult education (on similar lines to the Danish People's High Schools), whereby men and women would continue their education for many years after nominally leaving school.

4. Next, the symposium criticises the boarding-school because of its segregation of the sexes at a vital period of growth. This criticism implies that the boarding-school *must* have within it children of one sex only: but, obviously, this need not be so. There are several co-educational boarding-schools in the country, and, as a teacher in one of them, I can testify to their value.

5. The symposium makes no mention of co-education, which, I am convinced, can play a most valuable part in our educational system. In a world where men and women have increasingly to work together, where families are small, and where lack of understanding between the sexes leads so often to unhappiness both inside and outside of marriage, surely something can be said for a system of education in which boys and girls are brought up together from earliest years, and thus learn to understand and appreciate each other. I would even say that a co-educational boarding-school, if properly managed, provides the nearest approximation to an ideal family life which is possible in the modern world.

F. W. GARFORTH,
St. George's School,
Harpenden

Precious Heritage

KEEP your hair on! You have done good work in restoring *World Review* to something like its proper *status*; and you should not spoil your work by raging against those who would seek to preserve the precious heritage of the sabbath. Some of them are probably aware of higher joys than can be obtained by attending the theatre seven days in the week. If you can get to the theatre six days in the week, you have no reason to complain. Some people need to be protected against themselves.

ROBERT A. MOODY,
Glasgow

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